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THE
Dissembled Wanton;
OR,
MY SON GET MONEY.
A
COMEDY.

As it was originally acted at
THE THEATRE ROYAL
IN
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS, 1726.

BY LEONARD WELSTED, Esq.

*Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, Rem facias; rem,
Si possis, rectè; si non, quocumque modo rem;
Ut propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Puppi:
An qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum & erectum, præsens hortatur, & aptat?*
HOR. I. Ep. i. 65.

“Are you more pleas’d with his advice, who says,
“A large estate, my son, with justice raise,
“If possible; if not, at any rate
“Be sure, my son, to raise a large estate;
“Till, towering o’er the vulgar, in the pit
“Among the knights or senators you fit;
“Or his, who bids you look superior down
“On Fortune’s malice, and defy her frown?”
DUNCOMBE.

L O N D O N,
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.
MDCCLXXXVII.

1857

Discriminated Winton

THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

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THE NEW YORK

To the HONOURABLE
GEORGE DODINGTON.

SIR,

THERE is a propriety in addressing a Work of this kind to you, which justifies itself, and carries its own approbation with it to the publick.

Nor will you yourself blame this ambition in me; for who would not wish for the guardian of his performance a gentleman, who could so well see into the beauties of it, if there were any, and had at the same time so much candour to forgive its errors?

It was the happiness of the great Writers of antiquity to inscribe their labours to men who knew the value of them, and who could distinguish the delicacy of a true genius from the grossness of pretenders: the Poets of those days had Poets for their Protectors; and the same age, that produced Horace, Virgil, Ovid, produced also Varius, Pollio, and Mæcenas; the Patron could, then, crown the Bard with a laurel from

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

his own brow : an illustrious circumstance, which this age and nation had wanted, and a glory I had been robbed of; had not kind Heaven given us a Dodington ! given us you, Sir, to preside over our art, and to be at once the defence and ornament of it !

Nature, fortune, education, are all concurring to qualify you for this great end ; nor could you have appeared in a conjuncture to be more useful, or of greater honour to your country, than the present ; a conjuncture, in which I know not what black clouds seem to lower over arts and sciences, when men are daily falling from all sense of politeness, and an almost universal depravation of taste is spread through the kingdom.

I do not doubt, Sir, but you will answer the high expectations which the refined world conceive of you in this regard, and with great glory to yourself : in the mean time, be so kind as to accept with your wonted goodness the following scenes, written, I know not with what success, but with a view to please only men of your cast,

“ ————Atque

D E D I C A T I O N. v

“ ——— Atque hanc fine tempora circum

“ Inter *Apollineas* hederam tibi serpere lauros *.”

VIRG.

I have the honour to be, with the highest
respect,

S I R,

Your most obedient, and

most humble servant,

LEONARD WELSTED.

* “ And ’mid the laurels which thy brows entwine,

“ Admit this humble ivy-wreath of mine.” WARTON.

P R O L O G U E

By A GENTLEMAN of the Temple.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

OUR Author, though a stranger on the stage,
 Has, by his various Muse, enrich'd the age :
 All that are born to taste (those all, how few !)
 In his terse lines the British Horace view.
 Great though he be, he comes with reverence here ;
 His entrance, long delay'd, avows his fear.
 How nice the task, at once to probe and please !
 To heal weak minds, whose folly's their disease !
 More dangerous still from modern plans to stray,
 And shun the route, where custom beats the way !
 These scenes no well-bred Dangers shall expose,
 That stale dramatic treat ! Coquets and Beaux :
 Poor mimickries ! that dullness still conceal ;
 Th' insipid sheltering in the pert genteel !
 True humour is a happier cast of thought :
 By nature's hand that master-piece is wrought ;
 Humour ! which gives the comic work its grace,
 Where Wit itself holds but the second place.
 In antient Greece, the Muses' native soil,
 This mine repay'd the first discoverer's toil :
 By Grecian art refin'd, the smiling ore
 With Terence visited the Roman shore ;
 In commerce thence to every realm it pass'd ;
 The bullion, with fair Nature's impress cast,
 In her own mint, through every age shall last :
 Ev'n serious Spain the current coin receives,
 Where, spite of time, th' immortal Quixote lives :

The

*The lively French avow the sparkling vein,
 And boast of old their Rabelais and Montagne:
 In Britain, not till fam'd Eliza's age,
 The humourous Muse adventur'd on the stage,
 By Shakspeare's Master-band adopted there,
 (So much the Poet borrow'd of the Player.)
 Fluellin, Shallow, how they touch the soul!
 And Falstaff! that inimitable Droll!
 Shadwell, at distance, the great model views,
 And with unequal steps his Sire pursues;
 But few beside the happy mark have hit:
 To forc'd unnatural jests ye now submit,
 To labour'd scandal, and mechanic wit.*

*Now, Poets, your adventurous brother spare,
 And, generous, make his first essay your care:
 If not to him, in pity to the age,
 Extend your old indulgence to this Stage;
 This Stage! to you still open, this alone:
 So delicate, ye know, the other's grown,
 No work can enter there, except their own.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Severne</i> .	Mr. QUIN.
Colonel <i>Severne</i> , his Son.	Mr. RYAN.
<i>Beaufort</i> , Friend of Col. <i>Severne</i> .	Mr. WALKER.
Sir <i>Humphrey Staple</i> , a Citizen.	Mr. HALL.
<i>Toby</i> , his Son.	Mr. W. BULLOCK.
<i>Wormwood</i> , Servant to Ld. <i>Severne</i> .	Mr. HIPPISELY.

W O M E N.

<i>Emilia</i> , Lord <i>Severne</i> 's Ward.	Mrs. BULLOCK.
Sir <i>Harry Truelove</i> , the disguis'd } Daughter of Lord <i>Severne</i> .	Mrs. YOUNGER.
Miss <i>Jenny Staple</i> , Daughter to } Sir <i>Humphrey</i> .	Mrs. LEGAR.
<i>Lettice</i> , <i>Emilia</i> 's Woman.	Mrs. EGGLETON.

SCENE, the Lord SEVERNE's House, St. James's.

THE

THE DISSEMBLED WANTON;
OR, MY SON GET MONEY.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *the Lord SEVERNE'S House at St. James's.*

Colonel SEVERNE and BEAUFORT.

Col. SEVERNE.

GOOD-morrow, Beaufort : you are early with us this morning !

Beauf. Eleven is indeed an early hour in this part of the town ; the day is almost as short at St. James's, all the year round, as in the Highlands in winter.

Col. Severne. And yet it is too long, for the use we make on't.—Our ancestors thought it wisdom to live according to nature ; but in this age, fruitful in vice and luxury———

Beauf. Our very pleasures are unnatural : nothing affects us, but what is monstrous ; the reasonableness of entertainments is an argument against them ; and a relish for wit is thought a mark of the want of it.

Col. Severne. Impertinences continually flow in upon us, and we daily import the vices of foreigners, without their virtues ; and cull out and adopt

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adopt the vanity of all nations, the good qualities of none.

Beauf. In short, we are sing-songed at once out of our senses and our money.

Col. Severne. Thanks to a good Government, that defends us from Popery ! I'm sure, our diversions are Popish enough ; that is, they are performed in an unknown tongue.

Beauf. And by performers that can perform nothing else.

Col. Severne. So far, at least, we are got towards Heaven——We have music, without distinction of sexes.

Beauf. Mean time, where is our learning ? where our antient arts ? the politeness of the nation ?

Col. Severne. They are all bought up, and sent away to Switzerland ; and, in their room, we are supplied with certain nocturnal ceremonies, or revels, that much resemble the orgies of the ancients.

Beauf. Only with this difference——those feasts were in honour of Bacchus ; these are dedicated to Venus.

Col. Severne. Ay, they're the school of love——

Beauf. Rather say, the mart of maidenheads, the nursery of cuckolds, and the terror of citizens.

Col. Severne. Or the resource of stale virgins, and un-accommodated prudes.

Beauf. Well, Severne, you may be as pleasant as you please ; but ——Alas ! I have other things to think of—— [Sighs.]

Col. Severne. What ! sigh, dear Beaufort ? believe me, melancholy has no charms in it for either man or woman ; pr'ythee make a truce with your spleen, and learn to live from me.

Beauf. If you have any secret in philosophy, I would be glad to learn it.

Col. *Severne*. Only this: my philosophy is, to be always in good humour, or at least not to come into company without it. Wisdom, when it makes a man uneasy, is but folly with a grave countenance.

Beauf. Severne, Severne! I could be gay, and full of spirit, like you, and other happy men; but when the heart is afflicted, and we pant after blessings we can't attain——

Col. *Severne*. I see your head is eternally running upon my sister; it's true, my father has sent her to France, to prevent your marrying her: but never fear; I warrant you, she will find her way back again.

Beauf. O Charlotte! Charlotte! was ever such constancy in woman?

Col. *Severne*. Thou hast her heart, Beaufort. Poor girl! I'm afraid she passes her time in Paris much as thou dost in London!

Beauf. Yet I must wonder, Charles, how so good-natur'd a man, as my Lord Severne, could use his child with so much rigour as to banish her, only for thinking kindly of a man, at least under no reproach.

Col. *Severne*. My father is like other old men; the gallantry of passion is dead in him, and, in his present way of thinking, he cannot readily reconcile the inequality of your circumstances.

Beauf. Would I had never seen her! Perhaps she wishes so of me——

Col. *Severne*. Will you be rul'd? Urge my Lord no more on that subject for the present; our aversions at first are stubborn, and grow more obstinate by being opposed: strive not to wrest his opinion from him, and in time he may lay it aside of himself.

Beauf. This is a hard lesson.——

Col.

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Col. *Severne*. Indeed, your best way will be to seem to think no more of Charlotte, and to endeavour to lead my Lord into that belief.

Beauf. His Lordship will not be easily cur'd of his suspicions.

Col. *Severne*. Yes, if you appear indifferent, fall into company, and make show of courting some other woman—— Let me see, there is Sir Humphrey Staple's daughter! She has a good fortune in her own disposal: make love to her.——

Beauf. Make love to one I have no love for, nor any designs to obtain! Will that be honourable, dear Severne? I may, possibly, win the young lady's affections.

Col. *Severne*. Poo! poo! no danger on't; my word for't, you shall never make any fatal impressions there! a light foolish girl! incapable of real affection! Your courtship to her will but amuse her vanity the present moment, and be forgot the next—There must be sense and delicacy to create distress in love.——Besides, her old father, Sir Humphry, will be a sufficient bar to all misfortunes of that sort; he is as watchful of his daughter as of his money, and will no more trust her out of his hands, than he would his East-India bonds: he'll prevent your coming to too close an engagement.—Ay, ay, I say, e'en make love to her, and you'll blind my Lord effectually.

Beauf. Well, well, I must e'en solve it this way; if it be wrong, 'tis all for my dear Charlotte; but I doubt I shall play my part but awkwardly.

Col. *Severne*. No matter, you'll gain your end by it; it cannot fail: and luckily Sir Humphry, his daughter, and the rest of the family, dine here to-day by invitation, it being Emilia's birth-day.—Charming Emilia! O Beaufort! that I could once call that excellent creature mine!

Beauf.

Beauf. But I am told, my Lord has alter'd his opinion, and that the preparations for your wedding are laid aside.

Col. Severne. There is a cloud hangs over that affair at present, but which I hope will soon disperse. The intimacy I formerly had with my Lady Bellamont is come to his knowledge; and probably some falsehoods have been built on that story, which you remember was the town-talk; and this is what perhaps makes him cautious of hastening the marriage.

Beauf. It is not unlikely—and ten to one but that precise fellow—

Col. Severne. Wormwood!

Beauf. Ay, that professor of faintship; ten to one but he has taken pains to improve the story, and by that means to do you ill offices with my Lord: you have not much reason to think him your friend.

Col. Severne. I know it; his grave behaviour, and seeming honesty, have given him credit with my father—The match propos'd between Emilia and Sir Humphry Staple's son is of his contrivance.

Beauf. Sir Humphry's son, I take it, has all the qualifications any one wants to get money, that wants nothing besides.

Col. Severne. Ay, he has just sense enough to mind his business, and too little to relish any thing else—

Beauf. It's plain, he's a rival you are in no danger from: but what say you to the young, the brisk Sir Harry Truelove? he's always about her, and she does not seem to dislike him.

Col. Severne. In faith! he's a formidable stripling, a pretty smock-fac'd hero as any in town. But no more of this! I find Sir Humphry and his family are arriv'd, and his pretty daughter comes this way—

Beauf. Miss Staple, I hear, is a wit, as well as a beauty.

Col.

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Col. *Severne*. No, Beaufort; but she's a fool, as well as a wit; that is, she is a pretty coxcomb, with a pert simplicity about her; she has always something silly and lively to say, and tells her mind to our sex as freely as to her own.

Beauf. And 'tis for that reason, I suppose, that women as silly as herself, who dare not be so free, think she's admir'd by the men for her wit.

Col. *Severne*. Right: now is the time to palm the lover upon her: after I have paid my respects, I'll walk apart—

Enter Miss Jenny Staple.

Pretty Mrs. Staple, the honour you do us is extremely obliging—I swear, you look as pretty as an angel to-day—You bring so many charms along with you, Madam, that you make up an assembly in your own person——

Miss *Jenny*. O Lord, Sir, you confound me! I don't know how to return your compliment.

[*Severne walks aside.*

Well, I vow and protest, our citizens are no more like courtiers——Tell me, Mr. Beaufort, don't you think Col. *Severne* a charming man? something so gallant! so soldier-like! You see, Sir, he has thrown his bomb, though he would not stay to see what execution it would make.

Beauf. Oh! Madam, the Colonel has more policy than your humble servant; he makes a safe retreat in time, and dares not trust himself in the midst of so many dangers.

Miss *Jenny*. Nay, now, I protest, I think you are a charming man too; but tell me, Mr. Beaufort, don't you think the Colonel a most agreeable creature?

Beauf. I think you a most agreeable creature, and him and all men happy that are prais'd by you: for my part, I have no greater ambition—

Miss

Miss *Jenny*. Lord, Sir, I wonder at you, that you can talk so! I protest, I'll call to the Colonel—I know you do but flatter me too.

Beauf. Where beauty like yours is, flattery loses its nature.

Enter Lord Severne, attended by Wormwood.

Ld. *Severne*. Mr. Beaufort, your servant—Madam, I'm proud of this favour—Is your father come?

Miss *Jenny*. Yes, my Lord: I think he is in discourse with Mr. Wormwood.

Ld. *Severne*. You are all welcome. This respect shewn to fair Emilia, the orphan daughter of my most valued friend, deserves my acknowledgement: you are heartily welcome.

Miss *Jenny*. I suppose, my Lord, Emilia is disengag'd from her toilet by this time. Come, gentlemen, what say you? shall we go make her our compliments?

Ld. *Severne*. You'll do her an honour.

[*Exeunt Col. Severne, Beaufort, and Miss Jenny.*]
How anxious is a parent's condition? how full of fears! Wormwood——

Worm. My very good Lord.

Ld. *Severne*. You see my perplexity, from the uncertainty I am in about my children; my daughter Charlotte has forc'd me, by her ill-placed love, to send her to her aunt in France, in hopes that time and absence may cure her of her passion for Mr. Beaufort.

Worm. Very melancholy indeed! but your Lordship must have patience; in due time she will return to her duty.

Ld. *Severne*. Charlotte's disobedience is not all: Emilia, whom I love next to Charlotte, gives me reason to suspect her discretion; her behaviour to young Sir Harry Truelove is too familiar and unguarded; you have often observ'd it; and then the account you have had from Lettice amazes me.

Worm.

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Worm. Truly, an please your Lordship, I thought it my duty to make this discovery to your Honour : as I owe all to your goodness, I could not see you so abus'd ; though prying into such things is very contrary to my disposition.

Ld. Severne. You do well—Now I should wrong my son in the tenderest point, by marrying him with a wanton ; on the other hand, my son, I fear, is in too strict an alliance with another lady, to be so good a husband as he ought to Emilia.

Worm. That he is under strict engagements to that lady, I'm certain ; it appears from the letters under her own hand to him, which I shewed your Lordship.

Ld. Severne. I would not wrong poor Emilia so much as to wed her to a man, whose fidelity she cannot be assured of ; my design therefore is, to defer their marriage till I can satisfy myself as to the distrust I have entertained of them both.

Worm. Your Lordship's prudence is daily my astonishment.

Ld. Severne. Wormwood, what have you lately observed between Emilia and Sir Harry Truelove ?

Worm. Alas ! it grieves me to mention it. Good my Lord, do not question me about such matters.

Ld. Severne. Make it your business to watch them closely, and inform me of what you shall see.

Worm. My good Lord, do not command me to pry into such secrets.

Ld. Severne. This fellow is honest, but somewhat too precise—Sir Humphry Staple proposes his son to me as a match for Emilia—What think you of it, Wormwood ?

Worm. Why, really, my Lord, if I may speak my mind without offence, I should think she were a much fitter match for Mr. Toby, than the Colonel. Mr. Toby, my Lord, is a sober staid youth, full of discretion, and goes regularly to church ; more-
over

over he is meek; she may live peaceably with such a husband,—and have a gallant into the bargain. [*Aside.*—But see, Sir Humphry approaches.

Enter Sir Humphry and Toby.

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, this is kindly done. I am glad to see you.

Sir *Hum.* Why truly, my Lord, I have left some matters at sixes and sevens, to wait on your Lordship. Stocks are wavering up and down this morning, and I am come without doing any thing; but the respect I have for your Lordship must excuse me to myself, if I should lose making a lucky turn.—Well, my good Lord, does my proposal of a match between Madam Emilia and my son seem to please your Lordship?

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, I have considered of it; but I am slow in coming to a resolution in an affair of so great importance.

Sir *Hum.* But, my Lord, do you consider the ill consequences of marrying the young Lady to your son, the Colonel? My Lord, he is already engaged; he is promis'd, he is contracted, to you know who: in brief, to my Lady Bellamont; 'tis a secret all the town is acquainted with.

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, I shall make it my business to enquire into the bottom of that affair.

Sir *Hum.* My Lord, my Lord, there is no doubt to be made of it; I have what I tell your Lordship from that Lady's near relations and confidants, who have affirm'd it to me on their own knowledge.

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, I will not question your truth, and in a short time you shall know my resolution.

Sir *Hum.* I see I shall wind about this bubble of a peer—This story, whether true or false, well managed, will do my business. [*Aside.*—My Lord,

B

I dare

18 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

I dare not forfeit my integrity. A citizen's word is a Bank-note—I beg leave to present my son——Come, Toby, make your bow to my Lord——From Temple-Bar to Aldgate there is not a more hopeful youth. Hold up thy head, Toby.——Ah, my Lord, did you but know the obedient and orderly spirit of this boy! I have made him supple—Pay your respects to my Lord, Toby.——

Toby. Hem! hem! ha!——

Ld. Severne. What language does your son talk, Sir Humphry?

Sir Hum. O! my Lord, he wants for no language that will turn the penny.

Toby. No, that I don't.——I have language enough——Ships language, brokers language, and merchants accompts——No sort of English comes amiss to me.

Ld. Severne. You're a very great linguist indeed, Sir.

Worm. What a promising son is Sir Humphry blest with! Ah! were but our Colonel like him! [*Aside.*

Ld. Severne. But I forgot: I am wanted within.—You'll be so good as to excuse me, Sir Humphry.

Sir Hum. My Lord, your are too obliging——

[*Exit Ld. Severne.*

Well, Mr. Wormwood, what say you? If this business succeeds, you shall have a fellow-feeling——

Worm. You and I are old acquaintance, Sir Humphry; we know one another: you never neglected your friends, to my knowledge; and you may depend upon't, I sha'nt be wanting to give my helping-hand; but I have my little affairs too to mind this busy day——Your Worship's goodness will dispense with me.

Sir Hum. Dear Mr. Wormwood, we excuse you—My son and I are very good company by ourselves.

[*Exit Wormwood.*

Come hither, Toby; I am about to settle thee, my boy.

Toby.

Toby. In what part of the City?

Sir Hum. To get thee a wife, I mean.

Toby. Yes, Sir.

Sir Hum. But, before I trust you in the world, it will be proper I give you some instructions.

Toby. Ay, and so it will.

Sir Hum. In the first place, you must learn to overlook affronts, and never to think any thing an abuse, but a bad bargain.

Toby. Ay, and so I will.

Sir Hum. You are going to be married; do you mark me, Toby! There are a sort of fine fellows at this end of the town, who covet all the goods and moveables of us Citizens, not excepting our wives. If you find any of these spruce coxcombs frequent in their visits to your spouse, never interrupt them; be blind, be dumb, be deaf; give them their way; you may chance to recover some thousands of pounds upon their frolicks. In a word, Toby, look upon your wife as so much running cash.

Toby. But then, if folks should point at a body, you know?

Sir Hum. Sirrah, do you grow proud? Thrive, I say, through your humility; you must not only think meanly of yourself, but be contented that others think meanly of you too.

Toby. Ay, and so I must.

Sir Hum. In the next place, and above all things, Toby, never lend money for lending sake: nothing for nothing, and something for something; give little for much, and take much for little, boy.

Toby. That's pretty, father; let me see, something for nothing, and much for little——

Sir Hum. Ah, blunderbuss! thy head is made for turning a piece of sense the wrong side out: now mind me again; nothing for nothing, and something for something; give little for much, and take much for little, boy—This was thy great grand-

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father's lesson to all his children ; and these maxims got his four sons, each an estate, in four different counties—Therefore, I say, lend no money.

Toby. But, Sir, if a friend should, through misfortune, fall into want ?

Sir Hum. Why, thickskull ! that is his misfortune, not thine—Dost thou take me ?

Toby. Ay, right. That is his misfortune.

Sir Hum. An excellent lad this ! quick of apprehension ! Yes, yes, the rogue will thrive—But harkye, Toby, you will in time be a magistrate.

Toby. Not in time, father, but when I am out of my time.

Sir Hum. There you had like to have been witty again : Sirrah, did not I correct you yesterday ? Now mind me ; when you are a magistrate, disburse not a penny of your own money.

Toby. How must I do, to eat and drink then ?

Sir Hum. Upon your office ; you then eat and drink for the publick, not for yourself ; and the publick is to pay for it : and this is what most wise men mean by public spirit.

Toby. Nay, father, for that matter, you know I love dearly to dine at the halls.

Sir Hum. Ay, ay, you may board at least upon the publick ; 'tis a poor magistracy, that cannot maintain itself. Now, my boy, I have a secret to entrust to you.

Toby. Any goods to run ?

Sir Hum. Fiddles to run ! Such secrets I can trust with any Custom-house Officer ; I mean, a secret for your own good : I have contrived every thing aptly to be a bankrupt in a short time.

Toby. Aptly, father ! What will become of me then ?

Sir Hum. Be not frightened, boy ; I mean not to become such a bankrupt, as to break thee : my breaking shall be thy making ; I shall double my
estate

estate by it. A prudent man ought to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family.

Toby. At this rate, father, you only break others, not yourself.

Sir Hum. Right——

Toby. Why, ay, Sir, as you said before, that is their fault, not yours.

Sir Hum. Right again, boy. When this is brought about, Toby, I shall be able to purchase a borough for you.

Toby. And can I be a Parliament-man, Sir?

Sir Hum. Thou shalt be a Parliament-man, Toby.

Toby. I am afraid, I han't wit enough.

Sir Hum. Not wit enough, Numscull! Thou art rich enough; and whosoever is rich, is witty; a rich man is witty without wit, and may be a senator extremely wise without wisdom.

Toby. But how shall I do to speak in the house, father?

Sir Hum. Speak? You can vote, firrah: and let me tell you, a vote is a pretty thing for a young man to begin the world with; a very pretty thing! You can say, Ay and No, Toby, can't you? Two short syllables! Ay and No; that's all—and let your looks speak the rest.

Toby. Let me alone for that, father! Nobody looks like me, that's certain.

Sir Hum. Come, now let me see some of your most significant looks——

Toby. Now, Sir!——

Sir Hum. The importance of that face! How greatly his gravity prevails over his youth! It is a look of credit! There's not a man at St. James's, or White's, could borrow a hundred pounds upon his countenance at fifty years of age; and I am sure thou could'st have borrow'd a thousand at fifteen.

Toby. Shall I look again, father?

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Sir *Hum.* Ay, Toby, once more—There it is again! the self same! the family countenance! Depth of thought impenetrable——

Toby. Ay, guess my meaning, who can!

Sir *Hum.* Now, other fathers promise themselves wonders from the sprightliness of their children, which I call levity. Do thou, Toby, preserve thy gravity, and study to improve that lucrative solemnity of thy features. But hold, Toby—it will now be a proper time for me to introduce you to the young lady—meanwhile, remember what I have been saying to you, and stick close to that same *physiognomical wisdom*: for, as the poet has it, (not that I read poetry, or would encourage any man to do it; but truly the moral of these lines is so incomparable, that I could not but get them by heart—) Now observe me, Toby.

“The fool of nature, thoughtful in disguise,
“If back’d by money, shall be counted wise:
“Sage looks may seem grimace, the purse not full;
“But rich grave men are ne’er reputed dull.”

Most incomparable, o’ my word!

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Emilia and Sir Harry Truelove.

Emilia. **D**EAR Sir Harry Truelove, or rather dear Charlotte, now we are alone!

Sir *Harry.* Yes for a moment; and to my dear *Emilia*, I am Charlotte again.

Emilia. How agreeable, my dear, are these intervals of privacy, when we can chat over our little female concerns together, as it were by stealth, and be as wise, or as silly, as we please.

Sir

Sir Harry. Agreeable, indeed; to be thus free from the restraints we are under in public, and in our commerce with the men! It is, methinks, like the ease one feels in being undrest; the dishabille of life!

Emilia. All one does is so disengaged and natural; no pain for our behaviour! no fear of dropping an unguarded expression! or of looking out of rule, or abating of one's distance! The tongue, the eye, the soul, is at liberty.

Sir Harry. And, what is worth all, while we are thus alone, we may praise the man we love, nor blush to own we love him. I may speak of Beaufort with rapture; and you as fondly of my brother. And now we talk of love, my dear, what think you of the success of my stratagem thus far?

Emilia. Its success surprizes me: I could not have believed it possible things should have gone so well.

Sir Harry. Yes, possible enough; my retirement into the country, the letters I contrived to be sent as from Calais, signifying my arrival there, and others afterwards from Paris, of the same import, could leave my father in no manner of suspicion but that I was really in France. Then upon my coming to town again, in this disguise, under the name of Sir Harry Truelove, my admission into the family, as a relation of yours, was but natural, and to be expected.

Emilia. If I judge wrong, you must impute it to my cares for you.

Sir Harry. That I remain undiscovered here, is owing to the guard and caution I always carry about me—Should Beaufort, or my brother, find me out, there were no great harm in it; and as for my father, I come so little within his observation, that I am not much in danger of being known by him.

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Emilia. If the letters you transmit to Paris are but regularly conveyed back again, I think you tolerably safe.

Sir Harry. And who knows what happy events may arise, during my supposed absence, to favour my hopes ?

Emilia. In the mean time, you meet with variety of entertainment, and pass through a world of gallantry.

Sir Harry. So much, I'm tired with it : more women have made love to me since I have been a man, than ever men did while I was a woman—But, by the bye, Emilia, how comes it to pass that your wedding is deferred ?

Emilia. Indeed, I don't know ; something or other is wrong, that I can't find out : but, my dear, I have news for you more disagreeable.

Sir Harry. What is it ?

Emilia. Why, Beaufort has deserted you ; he makes love publicly to Miss Jenny Staple ; to my knowledge he does.

Sir Harry. I dare trust him ; 'tis only a feint ; some artifice to deceive my father. Should it prove otherwise, I know how to fit him, that is, I'll be his rival, and court Miss Jenny at the same time.

Emilia. What will you get by that ?

Sir Harry. I shall at least discover the bottom of his design ; besides, I shall have the pleasure to mortify him : for if I do not get his mistress from him, with a languishing look or two, and a few empty speeches which I have at command, I renounce all my pretensions to gallantry for ever.

Emilia. Thou hast a good deal of vanity, however, to thy share.

Sir Harry. But I have more beauty ; and you know, when they meet in perfection in our sex, they set off one another : but you mistake me all this while ; I don't say, I could rival Beaufort with a woman

woman of sense, but I'll undertake to play the fool with Mistress Jenny more to her liking than he can. But, my dear, I had like to have forgot to have told it you, I am treating with my Lord for his daughter; I have proposed myself as a match for my myself; what think you of it?

Emilia. The humour was very well for once, but you must be cautious of carrying that jest too far.

Enter Colonel Severne.

So, Mr. Severne! it's a wonder, I think, to see you.

Col. Severne. And to see you, Madam, is seeing a wonder.

Emilia. I know you fine gentlemen affect to say fine things to the ladies; but 'tis more to shew your own wit to advantage than our beauty.

Sir Harry. I believe, Madam, the ladies are of opinion, a man seldom shews his wit to advantage but when he praises their beauty.

Emilia. Pr'ythee, Sir Harry, don't you pretend to know our sex so well.

Col. Severne. Know them, Madam! That peruke and that face cannot but know more of woman-kind than all the philosophers in the world: a taller man mayn't know half so much. But, Madam, you seem to single out Sir Harry from the rest of the company so particularly, that I doubt you'll create him envy; he has, indeed, the most youth and beauty——

Sir Harry. I have my share, I think indeed, Colonel; but you are too secure of your interest in this lady, to fear me, or any other, for a rival.

Emilia. Who told you so, Sir Harry? If you make me your confident, I don't make you mine—Why, indeed, Mr. Severne, I must own, I like Sir Harry's company; tho', perhaps, I should not much envy any woman that had him for a husband; but
he

he happens, I know not how, to have an opinion of my discretion, and, thinking me a tolerable judge of my own sex, he has taken a fancy to intrust me with his secrets.

Sir *Harry*. Even so, Sir. I never talk my affairs to a young fellow, lest he should betray me, or prove my rival.

Col. *Severne*. Oh ! I commend your prudence highly, and am sorry for having interrupted your counsels so long. [*Exit Colonel Severne*.

Emilia. I fancy, Charlotte, the Colonel thinks I have a mind to run away with you, or you with me.

Sir *Harry*. If I were sure that was his opinion, I'd make my advantage of it ; he should have more reason for his fears than he has at present—— But now, Madam, to my design upon Mistress Jenny——What think you of this cock ! and this bow ! and this close rapturous hug !

[*Lord Severne and Colonel Severne observe them*.

Emilia. Why, I think, you are a very impudent agreeable young fellow.

Sir *Harry*. Heavens ! what a neck and shape ! what an air ! O this hand ! I could feast upon it for ever.

Emilia. Go, go, Sir *Harry* ; now I think you more impudent——

Sir *Harry*. And more agreeable. Here's my Lord and the Colonel ; let's avoid them. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lord Severne and Colonel Severne.

Ld. *Severne*. You see, Charles, I have not entertained suspicions of Emilia's conduct without reason.

Col. *Severne*. I know not what to think : this behaviour in any woman but Emilia, I own, would look suspicious.

Ld. *Severne*. And is Emilia then not a woman ?

Col. *Severne*. I have been used to think her more than woman, and cannot lightly be prevailed upon to bring her down to the level of her sex.

Ld.

Ld. Severne. Charles, I do not blame you for the concern you shew: but be advised; rather support this distress a while, than suffer it to betray you into greater.

Col. Severne. I'll endeavour to compose this tumult: if she is not virtuous, my Lord, she is not lovely.

Ld. Severne. Indeed, if she is not virtuous, she is no wife for thee, Charles; however, I would not wrong Emilia, nor conclude any thing rashly to her prejudice in so tender a point.

Col. Severne. Doubt it not, my Lord, but I'll search this business to the bottom.

Ld. Severne. You know, Charles, your behaviour hitherto towards her has been that of a fond respectful lover; your way now will be, to assume the easy freedom of a gallant; if this manner of address proves acceptable to her, you may reasonably conclude she admits Sir Harry's familiarities upon the same foot.

Col. Severne. I hope, I shall be able to dissemble my passion so far as to follow your Lordship's directions, and I'll lose no time in it.

[*Exit Colonel Severne.*]

Ld. Severne. To my son alone have I confided my suspicions of Emilia; to Emilia alone will I confide my suspicions of my son. And here she comes.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. I have something to impart to thee, and now answer me truly: have I ever dealt unkindly by thee in any thing?

Emilia. My Lord, that question is your first unkindness —

Ld. Severne. I am glad you think so. You were too young, when your father died, to have any knowledge of the friendship that was between us. Your father was an honourable man, and he thought so of me; you were his latest, and his only

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only care; and, in the declining state of his health, the more his indispositions increased upon him, the more were you the subject of his discourse to me; and he often said with satisfaction, "My daughter will not want a father, while you live."

Emilia. Indeed, my Lord, you have been an indulgent father to me.

Ld. Severne. Be assured, Emilia, I am tenderly concerned for thy welfare, and for that reason only have I deferred your marriage with my son. I have jealousies concerning him; and must beg your assistance to come at the truth. You seem surprized——

Emilia. My Lord, you have instructed me to think so well of Colonel Severne, I could almost imagine you speak this only to try my esteem for him.

Ld. Severne. Not so, Emilia: to be plain with you, I am informed, he has an interest in a certain Lady of quality, of such a sort as may interfere with your happiness: the town gives him out for her lover.

Emilia. How, my Lord!

Ld. Severne. Hear me, child; this being supposed, I'm obliged to proceed with caution: my fondness for my son shall not lead me to injure you; I must act as a common father to you both.

Emilia. Your Lordship, I fear, carries your suspicions too far: I would answer with my life for the Colonel's honour.

Ld. Severne. Emilia, I believe my son loves thee; and that he would be glad to acquit himself of this woman, if he could do it with honour: but whether he may not have private obligations to her, which may embarrass his conduct, and hereafter give you uneasiness, is what I am apprehensive of.

Emilia. Be pleased, my Lord, to trust this business with me; if there be the least ground for your apprehensions, I'll engage to search it out.

Ld.

Ld. *Severne*. It is my opinion, Emilia, that you can do it more successfully than any one; he has already intrusted you with his love, and will not suspect his most retired thoughts unsafe in your keeping.

Emilia. I doubt not, my Lord, but I shall be able to win the secret from him, if there be any.

Ld. *Severne*. It will be your interest; you are often alone together: watch him in his fond moments, and, when his mind is off its guard, take your opportunity. [Exit Emilia.]

Enter Sir Harry Truelove.

So, Sir Harry.

Sir *Harry*. My Lord, your servant.

Ld. *Severne*. What can this young man mean, by applying to me for Charlotte? [*Aside.*]—Sir Harry, I must, once for all, inform you (you will excuse a plain behaviour in a man of my years, and in an affair of such concernment); I say, Sir, I must plainly inform you, that I cannot think of you as a husband for my daughter, and I desire I may hear no more of it.

Sir *Harry*. My Lord, I should not have presumed to aspire to that honour, had not Mr. Beaufort's pretensions been rejected; for, I must acknowledge, I think he has every good quality and accomplishment that can recommend a gentleman to one's esteem, or make one desirous of his alliance.

Ld. *Severne*. Mr. Beaufort is very much obliged to you: I have not, it's true, many objections against him; but I have one in my eye, to whom I have none at all: at least, Sir, the person I give my daughter to, be he who he will, shall have no other engagements.

Sir *Harry*. Your Lordship, I presume, does not know of any that I have.

Ld. *Severne*. Are you very sure of that? But no matter—that's not the point—Look you, Sir, to cut

cut things short, I am of opinion, my daughter's quality, breeding, and character, entitle her to a much better match !

Sir Harry. My dear Lord, don't be angry with me, I cannot help smiling—Now, upon my life ! do I think myself every whit as well-bred, and of as fair a character, as her Ladyship.

Ld. Severne. A more pert coxcomb have I never met with. [*Aside.*—Good Sir Harry, let me entreat you, that we may have no disputes on this subject : I have told you already, and I tell you once more, I am absolutely determined never to marry my daughter into a family below her own.

Sir Harry. If that be all, my Lord, you can have no just reason to refuse me ; for, with submission, my family is as good as yours.

Ld. Severne. Your family as good as mine, strippling !

Sir Harry. Pardon me, my Lord ; my family is as good as yours, and something more antient.

Ld. Severne. How !—Well, Sir,—but whatever our family is, I am the more antient in my own person—Go, you're a boy—

Sir Harry. Perhaps your Lordship may find yourself mistaken.

Ld. Severne. Again !

Sir Harry. Depend upon it, my Lord, I am no boy—at least, Emilia does not take me for one.

Ld. Severne. No ! and do you triumph in it ?—But hold, I must hide my resentments till I examine further. [*Aside.*—Well, Sir Harry, you gentlemen and ladies, now-a-days, have mighty new sentiments to what we had in our time ; among you, nothing is weighed by the nature of the thing, but by the appearance : you value no good action but what is known, and regret no ill one that is secret.

Sir *Harry*. My good old Lord, you speak like an antient philosopher; and I live like a modern one.—Come, don't be moody, my Lord; but send back for your daughter; and believe me, who know what the sex is as well as any gentleman in England,

“He that would women rule must have the skill,
“Not to restrain, but rightly guide their will.”

Ld. *Severne*. Extremely well, Sir!—Your servant. [Exit Lord Severne.]

Sir *Harry*. Go thy ways, Papa! I'll teach you to be disobedient to your own daughter.

Enter Beaufort.

You're a pretty gentleman, Mr. Beaufort! I hear you make court to Miss Staple.

Beauf. What then, Sir?

Sir *Harry*. What then, Sir!

Beauf. Would not you have me?

Sir *Harry*. Would not I have you!

Beauf. Have you a mind to her yourself, Sir Harry?

Sir *Harry*. A mind to her myself! what do you mean, Sir?

Beauf. Nay, nothing at all; but what do you mean?

Sir *Harry*. Nay, nothing at all: but, by the bye, you are not so cunning as you imagine; I see through your design, and this courtship is only a trick to blind my Lord Severne. Come, pr'ythee, Beaufort, own it.

Beauf. If you have the art to find out a secret, I hope you have the honour to keep it.

Enter Emilia.

Sir *Harry*. It's as I told you, Madam; Mr. Beaufort makes court to Mistress Jenny only *en passant*, and to divert my Lord's fears for Charlotte: is it not so?

Beauf.

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Beauf. You will have it so.

Emilia. Here comes Miss Staple, with her father. Sir Harry, if you please, we'll avoid them; I have something to communicate to you.

Sir Harry. By all means, Madam; it would be ill-bred to disturb a gentleman in his affairs.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Emilia.*]

Enter Sir Humphry and Jenny.

Beauf. Pretty Mistress Staple, where have you been absent from my eyes so long?

Miss Jenny. I just parted from Colonel Severne! Well, he's a fine gentleman! so diverting! so entertaining!

Beauf. It is impossible, Madam, to be otherwise in your company; you was born to inspire the world with good humour and gaiety——

Miss Jenny. I vow and protest, Mr. Beaufort, you are very comical.

Beauf. I swear by all that's sacred, you are very pretty.

Miss Jenny. Lord, you'd make one die with laughing.

Sir Hum. Hey-day! why, how now, huzzy! what have you to do, to be dropping your courtesies, and to be simpering upon every one you meet? A man can't appear, but he draws you to him, like a loadstone—Mr. Beaufort, you'll excuse me; my daughter, I fear, is a little too forward for you courtiers.

Beauf. Her simplicity and innocence become her; and no gentleman will take advantage of it.

Sir Hum. Mr. Beaufort, I understand you court my daughter; I must take the liberty to inform you, no man shall marry her without my consent.

Beauf. Her consent, and yours, is what I should be glad to obtain.

Sir Hum. As to her consent, I believe, you may have it for asking; but with me, there must be
more

more words than one to a bargain ; my daughter is as my merchandize, and I'll not part with her upon credit ; something for something, and nothing for nothing, as I often say, is our family wisdom.

Beauf. Then there is some hope, Sir Humphry, of gaining your consent.

Sir Hum. There is a possibility.

Beauf. And, pray, within what compass may that possibility lie ?

Sir Hum. Why, Mr. Beaufort, it is within the compass of Bank-notes, land, or specie : produce fifty thousand pounds in money, or money's-worth, and my consent shall be forth-coming.

Beauf. I doubt, Sir Humphry, it will be impossible I should produce such a sum quickly, and honestly.

Sir Hum. Sir, it matters not how you come by the sum ; I never ask impertinent questions ; no man worth fifty thousand pounds was ever thought dishonest ; you may be dishonest while you are getting an estate, but, when once you have got it, I'll answer for you, you shall be honest again.

Beauf. But, Sir Humphry, I would feign propose an equivalent to you. What think you of a competent fortune, accompany'd with good birth, and a liberal education ?

Sir Hum. Why, Mr. Beaufort, that's the fashion of the plate, as the goldsmiths call it ; now I never consider that, when I take in a pawn : the weight is all—But I have other objections against you.

Beauf. Will you do me the favour to inform me, what those objections may be ?

Sir Hum. In the first place, I am informed, you have the misfortune to have a great stock of wit ; I would not be thought to blame you for what you cannot help ; neither am I to blame, when I shun what I cannot approve of.

C

Beauf.

34 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

Beauf. And pray, Sir Humphry, why should you be an enemy to men of wit?

Sir Hum. Because I know, Sir, it is a profession with you wits to ridicule sober men, and make a jest of industry, and of all prudent persons that are in a way of thriving.

Beauf. But, Sir Humphry, I claim not that distinction in myself, though I esteem it in others; and I believe you'll allow wit to be a valuable quality in the keeping of a wise man.

Sir Hum. Sir, no wise man was ever a wit; and no wit was ever a rich man; and this is enough, in conscience, to bring it into discredit with me.

Beauf. But, Sir Humphry, perhaps I am slandered; many honest gentlemen have been very unjustly accused of this crime: you may have been misinformed.

Sir Hum. If I am, 'tis a misfortune to you. To be a wit, is a character, I assure you, that will do you no great service among men of business; and, perhaps, you'll not get much by it at court. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Beaufort, I would have for my girl a diligent man, that will follow business, and get money: I should not dislike a man who could sometimes content himself with a pint of neat Port after his fatigue: now, I suppose, you can relish nothing but Champaign and Burgundy.

Beauf. Certainly they are generous liquors; they advance mirth and good-humour, and are reckoned friends to the Muses.

Sir Hum. But what is this to thrift, and good husbandry? Sir, I admire at your expressions. Is being a friend to the Muses an argument with a moneyed man, who neither knows where the Muses live, nor what ware-houses they keep, nor what trade they drive?

Beauf. I hope, Sir Humphry, the Muses have done you no injury, if they have done you no good.

Sir Hum. Yes, yes, injury enough ! I am told, their bullies, the wits and poets, make it their business, in their plays and prologues, to abuse their betters ; and that they treat persons of good reputation very injuriously, giving them nick-names, such as *Nikin, Gripe, Scrape-all, Split-farthling*, and the like. Now, Sir, I must be plain to tell you, that this licence is unreasonable ; and that persons of substance and credit ought not to be libelled by your poets, and people of their character.

Beauf. I am sorry their character should suffer with those who are most able to be serviceable to them.

Sir Hum. In reality, Mr. Beaufort, they have not a very good name.

Beauf. How so, Sir ?

Sir Hum. To say no worse of them, 'tis not very creditable to be poor ; 'tis but an indifferent character to want money. I don't know what the sentiments of your courtiers are ; but with us in the City, honesty and wealth signify the same thing ; and, when we say *a good man*, we mean a rich man.

Beauf. I find then, Sir Humphry, that in the City you have a language peculiar to yourselves, as well as customs and manners.

Sir Hum. Sir, we have a laudable language, that goes all the world over : my bills are understood at Constantinople : and, as for our manners, it is to dress clean, to live plentifully, to get money, to owe nothing, and trust nobody.

Beauf. You are very much to be commended : but the young lady is out of the question all this while ; she is extremely pretty, and I think not unlike you.

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Miss *Jenny*. You courtiers have always something so agreeable to say !

Beauf. You sigh, Madam—

Miss *Jenny*. It is, to think how dull and insipid our conversation is in Lombard-street.

Sir *Hum.* Say you so ! very fine ! [*Aside.*

Miss *Jenny*. Can't you play at ombre, Mr. Beaufort ? You shall teach me. But, pray, tell me now ; do you love to see plays ? I protest, I think they are very silly ; but the operas are mighty diverting : shall we have any masquerades this winter ? do you know ? though I believe not—Was you there the last time, Mr. Beaufort ? I was.

Beauf. Was you so, my pretty one ?

Miss *Jenny*. Ay, and I met the prettiest man there, that told me so many stories, and things of the town—I was never so charmingly entertained in my life—Was it you ?

Beauf. That I can't tell, indeed ! but I saw there a young lady in the habit of a Shepherdess, so beautiful, so witty ! Was it you ?

Miss *Jenny*. Was it you ! did you say ? My stars ! how pleasant you are !

Sir *Hum.* Come away, I say. Mr. Beaufort, your most obedient.

Miss *Jenny*. Dear Sir, adieu : you'll excuse me.

[*Exeunt Sir Humphry and Jenny.*

Beauf. Adieu, my Angel !

Enter Colonel Severne.

Col. *Severne*. Beaufort, you must come with me : I have business of the last consequence, in which I must have your advice and assistance.

Beauf. Your summons is very sudden ! What is the affair ?

Col. *Severne*. 'Twill startle you to hear it. Would you believe ! Emilia, of all her sex ! would you believe, Emilia was not virtuous !

Beauf.

Beauf. I would as soon believe that Severne was not honest. You play with me?

Col. Severne. By Heaven, I do not! there are strong presumptions, that I have been deceived in her, and that she accounts lightly of her honour. Not to keep you in suspense, my father has made the discovery; I have seen the intrigue in part myself; her gallant is Sir Harry Truelove: the rest I'll inform you of more distinctly.

Beauf. 'Tis prodigious! but be easy, my friend! If this be true, you have had a good escape. Better be a mistaken lover, than to be ranked with the unhappy married men.

Col. Severne. Faith, Beaufort, if my suspicions are just, the difference is not great betwixt me and the gentlemen you speak of.

“ They mourn the violated marriage bed;

“ I pay a husband's debt before I wed.”

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Beaufort and Colonel Severne.

Beauf. **H**OW! what! no resentment! no sense of wrong done her! and, was she so complying? did she yield, say you, to your loose solicitations at first, without any token of reluctance!

Col. Severne. At first, indeed, she dissembled, I know not what faint surprize, and seemingly endeavoured at a blush: but those light appearances soon went off, and gave way to the strength of appetite. Ay, ay, in faith! she has yielded fairly, given up her character, and promised me all, all that wantonness itself could give or promise!

C 3

Beauf.

38 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

Beauf. Most unaccountable and astonishing ! had she then no pride ! A lady of her rank and condition ! had she no pride at all left ?

Col. Severne. Pride, in woman's heart, like thorns round roses, was planted there for her protection ; but she has lost that outguard of honour ; she has lost it, Beaufort ; and any loose vain coxcomb may touch, may taste, may gather her— Fallen from her bright orb of innocence, and her great soul levelled with vice !

Beauf. Then all womankind is false ; and yet, Charles, I must still think that Charlotte is virtuous !

Col. Severne. By the eternal powers ! I do not know if my mother was——

Beauf. But Charlotte, Charlotte, I say——

Col. Severne. Why, what of Charlotte ? she's in France, is she not ? where she has nobody to observe her, no witness of her actions ; at full liberty to do or say as she pleases.

Beauf. In France !

Col. Severne. Ay, and ten to one but, this very moment, some sprightly Marquis may be lacing on her stays for her ; you know the freedom in use among the ladies of that gay country.

Beauf. 'Sdeath ! I am on the rack.

Col. Severne. Or, may be, she's sitting up in her bed, at chocolate, and a spruce smart Abbé with his arms round her.

Beauf. Psha, Psha ! pr'ythee no more on't. You drive me to distraction.

Col. Severne. How do companions in pain administer relief to it ! Now am I half eased, only by seeing him moved : but it is an ill-natured pleasure, and an unreasonable one.—Come, dear Beaufort, quiet yourself : I was wild with rage and sorrow, when I drew this idle picture of my sister : I do from my soul believe her good and virtuous,

virtuous, as she is lovely. This is my cool judgment—But Emilia—

Beauf. Kind Severne ! excuse the warmth I was betrayed into, thou best of friends !—I think, I see Emilia at a distance.

Col. Severne. What most perplexes me is, that she should imagine me to be under a promise of marriage to my lady Bellamont.

Beauf. What did you say to her on that subject ?

Col. Severne. 'Twas impossible to get the notion out of her head, so I was forced to humour her in it, and seem to acknowledge the thing, as well for my own quiet, as to bring her the more easily to what I desired. But she comes ; withdraw a minute, and observe. *Exit Beaufort.*

Enter Emilia.

So fair ! yet so kind ! such richness of beauty ! endeared by so sweet condescension !

Emilia. I am very much in the spleen ; killed, killed with spleen ! and all, I believe, for want of being flattered.

Col. Severne. To be admired, is what you can never want, except you hide yourself.

Emilia. I don't know how it is ; but I can neither enjoy myself by day, nor sleep by night, for want of something or other—Dear flattery ! thou cordial of a woman's waking spirits, and her opiate for rest ! It is an hour, a long dull hour, since you told me, I was a goddess.

Col. Severne. You shall be a goddess again : but then be like other goddesses, and descend sometimes to charming mortal frailty.

Emilia. Lord, what a corrupt world is this ! one cannot get so much as a compliment without bribing for it. There's something so cold and faint in your civilities ! I really fancy you don't like my looks to-day ?

Col. *Severne*. Not like them, Madam ! Bless me, you look like the Spring with all the Graces round you.

Emilia. Take care, or you'll make me redden ; and then I shall be more like Autumn than the Spring.

Col. *Severne*. Ay, that's the point. Autumn ! the fruits of beauty ! the promised fruit, my love ! when will you give it me ?

Emilia. Pish !

Col. *Severne*. Think, my Angel, you are in the bloom of years, and ought to improve the advantage while it lasts ; life is too short, to protract our happiness.

Emilia. You talk, Sir, as if one was to be an old woman to-morrow : indeed, I expect to be a Bloomer fifteen years to come.

Col. *Severne*. What is fifteen years ! they'll steal away unobserv'd : and, like the rest of your sex, you'll become antiquated, long before you suspect it.

Emilia. Dreadful ! and cruel ! his behaviour shocks me to the very soul.—To be treated as a lewd commoner ! mercy !—but soft, my heart—bear this pang awhile—

[*Aside*.

Col. *Severne*. But, my dear ! my life ! I must press you to performance of articles.—

Emilia. I find it is dangerous to converse with you. I beg you, leave me to myself—I must endure his insults, to carry on my design.

[*Aside*.

Col. *Severne*. I must not, cannot leave you ; remember you have given me your promise.

Emilia. No, I have not ; or, if I had been so indiscreet, a guilty promise, you know, ought not to be kept.

Col. *Severne*. Can there be any guilt in pleasure, child ? Fie, fie ! you are misled by education and opinion !

opinion! that trick, that common cheat, and enemy to delight!

“ ’Twas folly, or injustice, first that plac’d
 “ The fame of woman-kind in being chaste;
 “ When love and soft desire subdue the will,
 “ The deeds that follow are not simply ill:
 “ No moral crimes to appetite belong,
 “ Nor can our parent Nature guide us wrong:
 “ Truth, justice, friendship, honour’s bounds
 “ controul,
 “ And virtue lives not in the blood, but soul.”

Emilia. Poetry, thus applied, is the worse for being good. Come, be advised for once, Mr. Severne; change your way of thinking, and quit the advantage you have of me.

Col. Severne. What can I do in the distress of so much beauty before me? how forbear hastening to the possession of it? You forget, my dear, you have consented, faith you have; you have given me your word.

Emilia. I gave you no word, no consent—Or whatever I did, ’twas on condition you should first discover to me the whole affair with Lady Bellamont.

Col. Severne. O! has jealousy a part in your consent? [*Aside.*]—Well, I’ll conceal nothing from you, upon honour.

Emilia. But your letters, and the writings of contract! I must have them too.

Col. Severne. You are very particular, Madam: I’ll put them into your hands.

Emilia. It is too plain. He’s certainly engaged. Gracious Heaven! Where shall I fly for refuge! Every where abused! [*Aside.*]

Col. Severne. But then you must not forget the condition: you know the reward I am to expect.

Emilia.

42 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

Emilia. I shall deal honourably by you.

Col. Severne. O my charmer! how dost thou fire me! But, my life, the time! the place! Don't torture me with delay.

Emilia. Hift! company is coming this way; we shall be over-heard. I'll come to you again.

Col. Severne. "Cælia, to thyself bejust,

"Not to-morrow vainly trust:

"Every moment you are coy,

"Is a moment lost of joy."

[*Exit Emilia.*

Re-enter Beaufort.

Col. Severne. You over-heard all——

Beauf. I did.

Col. Severne. You see, she is determin'd in her opinion as to Lady Bellamont.

Beauf. That determination, I believe, if she is determined, is but the effect of some tittle-tattle among her acquaintance; credulity and curiosity are more than half in a woman's composition.

Enter Sir Humphry and Toby.

Col. Severne. Mr. Toby! my friend and rival.

Toby. Pshaw!

Col. Severne. Nay, not so coy, Mr. Toby: though we are rivals, yet, like Generals, we may beat a parley, and confer together upon terms of peace.

Toby. Why, look you, as for that matter, I am above-board. I don't wish to be your hindrance, seeing this is more my father's doing than mine; though I must observe one thing to you, by the way: if the young gentlewoman should chance to like me best, that's none of my fault; e'en let her take her choice: beauty, you know, is all fancy.

Col,

Col. *Severne*. Mr. Toby, I can't blame you ; but how Sir Humphry can acquit himself, I don't see. Emilia is mine by right of love, by my father's promise, and, as I have flattered myself, by her own inclination.

Sir *Humphry*. Hark-ye, Colonel—I understand the case thus—Here is a commodity to be disposed of ; you, I, another, are alike at liberty to bid for it ; and the fairest bidder has, in course, the best claim. Now, Sir—

Beauf. With your leave, Sir Humphry, beauty is not, like common merchandize, to be sold by cant and auction, or to be put up by inch of candle. That is for African slaves, not free-born British ladies.

Toby. What you say, father, for all him, stands to reason. Now put case, a tenement is to be let ; if I offer to raise the rent, and pay down a fine, it is but fitting I should have a lease for life —

Sir *Hum*. Toby, use your parts with moderation, firrah—There is, Mr. Beaufort, a natural aptitude in this boy towards wit ; and, if I did not perpetually correct him, his head would be over-run with that unprofitable weed.

Col. *Severne*. Well, Mr. Staple, we'll leave you a clear stage—I think, I see your mistress coming.

[*Exeunt Severne and Beaufort.*]

Sir *Hum*. Now, Toby, to the point. What think you of wooing the Lady ?

Toby. Nay, father, if you go to that, first tell me what you think.

Sir *Hum*. I think very well of it—

Toby. Why, so do I too—

Sir *Hum*. But can you act your part gracefully, I would say ? There is skill in making court ; you must shew the Lady a great deal of complaisance ; you must praise her beauty.

Toby.

44 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON ; OR,

Toby. Before her face, or behind her back, do you mean ?

Sir Hum. Why, both, simpleton. You must endeavour to persuade her that you are in love, and that you are dying for her.

Toby. And that I am dying for her ! that's right, indeed !

Sir Hum. But here she comes—leave me to speak first.

Enter Emilia.

Madam, I take the liberty, with my good Lord's permission, to introduce my son. Toby, salute the Lady. I have made bold, Madam, to propose a match between you and my son Toby ; and I dare recommend him to your Ladyship, for a youth of singular parts and sobriety.

Emilia. He does, indeed, seem to be of singular sobriety ; I believe, Mr. Toby, you never play'd truant, or robb'd an orchard in your life.

Sir Hum. I'll answer for him, he never did.

Emilia. To be free with you, Sir Humphry, I should not like him the worse, if he were a little more upon the rakish, provided he has no tendency to extravagancy.

Sir Hum. Madam, you may trust him ; extravagancy is not the vice of our family ; frugality and industry are the arts I have train'd him up in ; the arts by which our house flourishes ! we have been famous for them through generations. I can shew you, Madam, wrought beds, curtains, tapestry, the work of my great, great grandmother ; they rose with the sun, and work'd till his going down ; and all for the good of the family.

Emilia. I fear, I shall be a disgrace to such industrious ancestors : rise with the sun ! mercy ! 'twould kill me ;—and work till his going down ! I am ready to swoon away at the thoughts of it.

Sir Hum. Alas ! Madam, you do not know how prevalent example is ! it would delight your heart, Madam, to see in my family the daily instances of thrift and good housewifry.

Emilia. I suppose so, Sir Humphry, especially in your house-keeping.

Sir Hum. Madam, you shall have no reason to find fault with my house-keeping : I can't promise you ragousts, and fricasees, and kick-shaws of that sort ; but you'll meet with a substantial family dish every day ; wholesome English food ! such as was eat in good Queen Bess's days ! I assure you, Madam, we don't live upon frogs and mushrooms—

Emilia. No, Sir Humphry ; but don't you live in clouds and smoke ? I have been so much used to breathe freely about St. James's, that I doubt I shall be stifled in the city.

Sir Hum. Madam, you wrong the citizens : 'tis true, we have no Mall to walk in by owl-light, nor a Ring to trollround about, like children in flying coaches at a fair : but, notwithstanding, we often take the benefit of the fresh air.

Emilia. At Islington, I presume !

Sir Hum. Yes, Madam, at Islington. I have a house there, at your service, just on the road, with trees before it, and the sweetest little garden and arbour behind, you ever saw. Then we have our city diversions too, Madam ; there's my Lord Mayor's show, the Sheriff's feast, and the children of Christ-church hospital ; all very pretty fights !

Emilia. Sir Humphry, I am charm'd with the arguments you bring to make me happy : and then the credit of being allied to so reputable and rich a person as you are !

Sir Hum. Madam, you do me too much honour ; I'll shew you, I'm generous, as well as rich, Madam ; I have the finest set of china in England, to give you, and a purse as long as my arm, of broad pieces

46 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

pieces and gold medals, which my father and I have been picking up these hundred years; and I have the prettiest Black in all London: and a— and a— and a thousand fine things besides: but I'll leave you together; you'll agree it best by yourselves. Madam, I am your most obedient.

[Exit Sir Humphry.]

Toby. Now, if I did but know what to say to her: just now, I thought, I had a world of things in my head. [Aside.]

Emilia. Mr. Toby, you don't seem merry—

Toby. No truly, I cannot say I am merry; you must know, I am mightily given to be melancholy, when I am alone.

Emilia. But, Sir, you are not alone now; if I may be thought company.

Toby. Yes, that's true, as you say, Madam, I'm not alone neither.—Plague on't! I wish my father were at Jericho for leaving me here! I must try to speak to her, however. [Aside.]—Madam, an please you,—hem! hem!

Emilia. Sir!

Toby. I had it, in a manner, at my tongue's end, to say something to you, as it were, of a certain affair, that is to say, concerning certain points, about which my father, lately in discourse, and therefore, for shortness sake, without farther preambblings—

Emilia. What would you please, Sir?

Toby. Pray, Madam, could you tell me what o'clock it is?

Emilia. Yes, Sir, I believe I can: it is some minutes past seven, if my watch goes right.

Toby. Say you so? but I can give you to understand one thing; there's nothing more uncertain than clocks and watches; they differ mightily, at our part of the town, from what they are at yours. But t'other day, now, for argument sake, when I was in Cornhill, 'twas not half an hour after four;
and

and when I came to Westminster-abbey, it was just upon the stroke of five.

Emilia. The clocks might agree very well, notwithstanding that : I suppose, you was half an hour going thither, for argument sake.

Toby. Yes, as you say, it may be so ; it is true, I did not think of that.

Emilia. I am surpris'd, a person of your ingenuity should overlook such a circumstance. Good Sir, you'll excuse me for laughing.

Toby. Nay, if you are pleas'd, I am pleas'd too, Madam. I don't desire to know what you laugh at ; I'm not curious after secrets.

Emilia. No ! and yet you seem to have found out a great many.

Toby. Zooks ! I wish I was fairly off ! I see, I cannot hold up the discourse with her.

[*He seems musing.*]

Emilia. A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Toby ! What are you meditating upon ?

Toby. A bite ! I was thinking of nothing at all ; there you was mistaken.

Emilia. Have you no sweet-hearts in the city, Mr. Toby ?

Toby. Sweet-hearts ! No, not that I know of.

Emilia. What, was you never in love ?

Toby. I was to have been in love once ; my father order'd me ; but, I cannot tell how, it went off again.

Emilia. I am inform'd, you are in love with me.

Toby. Why, that's very true, I assure you ; you may see it in my face, Mistress Emilia.

Emilia. 'Tis a very mournful one, indeed ; and how long have you been in this sad condition, Mr. Toby ?

Toby. From the day you was at our house, Madam : I have not been able to sleep a wink ever since, upon the word of a citizen !

Emilia.

48 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

Emilia. Poor Mr. Toby ! I believe so ; you are so very much fallen away.

Toby. O ! mightily, Madam ! before that time I was very fat, and a great deal taller.

Emilia. This fool serves to relieve my anxiety, and divert the thought of Severne. Which way shall I explain his conduct ? Can I forgive such an indignity offered to my honour ? to court me as a strumpet !— O ! I shall lose all patience—and yet I must suffer it, the better to obey my Lord's commands : reason tells me, I ought not to forgive ; but my heart says, I shall. *[Aside.]*

Toby. Odso ! she is talking to herself ! I wish she ben't a little beside her wits ; I thought her discourse to me was very whimsical.

Enter Wormwood.

Odso ! I'm glad of this ; now I'll sneak off.

[Exit Toby.]

Worm. Madam, I'm commanded, by my good Lord, to let you understand, that he desireth to speak with you *instantly*.

Emilia. You may tell your good Lord, I will wait upon him *instantly*.

Worm. I shall—graceful woman ! sweet woman !

[Aside.] [Exit Wormwood.]

Enter Colonel Severne.

Col. Severne. I see, Madam, you are rectifying some accidental disorder of your dress.

Emilia. 'Tis an impertinent trouble I'm giving myself.

Col. Severne. Not so, Madam ; for though these little adjustments may add nothing to real beauty, yet, the very doing of them has something so pretty in it, one could *almost* wish, there were always something or other amiss about you.

Emilia. 'Twas a mere trifle ; only my tucker happen'd to be incommoded.

Col.

Col. *Severne*. Ay, the tucker ! the wit of woman never appear'd more than in that charming invention of the tucker : what agreeable modesty and sweetness do you shew in composing it !

Emilia. You have the art, Colonel, of striking gallantry out of every thing—but I cannot stay with you ; my Lord has sent for me in haste.

Col. *Severne*. O ! but the appointment ! let that be fixed, however : tell me, my dear, where, when, shall we be in private ?

Emilia. Pshaw ! no where, never, not at all.

Col. *Severne*. Nay, what do you mean ? You must let me know. At nine o'clock ?

Emilia. Well, well, at nine o'clock then.

Col. *Severne*. To-night !

Emilia. Ay, ay, any night ; when you will.

Col. *Severne*. But where ?

Emilia. I don't know---In Lettice's chamber.—How suddenly is this man chang'd from a tender lover, to a cruel destroyer ! [*Aside*] [*Exit Emilia*].

Col. *Severne*. That she should be this abandon'd creature ! I know not what to resolve on—Perhaps, her behaviour is dissembled ; I must carry my enquiries farther : ay, and here comes one likely enough to inform me, if I have but the address to lead him into it.

Enter Sir Harry Truelove, crossing the stage.

Sir Harry, good Sir Harry, a word with you.

Sir *Harry*. Twenty, if you please, Sir.

Col. *Severne*. I have been talking with Emilia, Sir Harry, and find your success with the Ladies to be such, that I would give any thing for your receipt, for a dying lover. I'd give the world to know how it is you make your advances.

Sir *Harry*. I don't know ; nobody takes less pains about women than I do. I'm perfectly indolent in

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my endeavours to please them; but, for all that, the poor fools, I think, will be taken with me!

Col. *Severne*. There's a love-potion, an enchantment, in all you smock-faced fellows do or say.

Sir *Harry*. Sincerity and truth, Mr. *Severne*, have charms beyond youth, or beauty, or any thing.

Col. *Severne*. It ought to be so: but, Sir *Harry*, be good-natur'd now, and tell me, How does your affair with Emilia go on? have not you—have not you—I doubt not, you are a prosperous suitor; a soldier in love, whose services have not gone unrewarded?

Sir *Harry*. What do you mean? you are jealous, I believe.

Col. *Severne*. Not I, faith! you know my thoughts run upon women of quality: but what do you mean, Sir *Harry*? why so cautious? In friendship, there ought to be no reserve: come, you may safely trust your thoughts with me.

Sir *Harry*. All the world, indeed, are fond of parting with their secrets, when they can gratify their vanity by it. Well, what is it you would know?

Col. *Severne*. Why, as to your intimacy with Emilia! She is lavish in giving you opportunities, and I'm convinc'd, you don't want the skill to improve them.

Sir *Harry*. She allows me, I own, to trifle about her, to be fond of her parrot, to play with her fan, to fancy her dress; and, I think, she is scarce angry when I praise her shape or complexion.

Col. *Severne*. Is this all! No, no, Sir *Harry*, such gallantries are agreeable only as they lead to more solid pleasures: these amusements are but the preludes to what we truly desire.

Sir *Harry*. You are a very intelligent person—I see he is jealous of Emilia—I'll tease him for it [*Aside.*]—Well, Colonel, since you will have it, I
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can tell you, I may be vain; but, hark ye, not a word must be said of this; if I hear on't, you know the consequence.—

Col. *Severne*. You need not fear.—

Sir *Harry*. Why then, to be frank with you, I have met with what most of all things pleases me in Emilia; she is a most delicious creature! a sweet bedfellow; in faith, *Severne*—

Col. *Severne*. How! have you had her? really! Precious wanton! This discovery, instead of easing my mind, the more distracts it. [*Aside*.]

Sir *Harry*. I see it works. [*Aside*.]

Col. *Severne*. But, sure, you are only gallant, Sir *Harry*; this is not true, on the honour of a gentleman?

Sir *Harry*. Nay, if you doubt my honour, I have done.

Col. *Severne*. Enough, Sir; I'll pay so much deference to your understanding, as to believe you above the mean vanity of trifling with a Lady's reputation.

Sir *Harry*. Hift! here's *Beaufort*. You shall know more of this intrigue another time: I depend on your secrecy. [*Exit Sir Harry*.]

Enter Beaufort.

Col. *Severne*. *Beaufort*, you are come luckily: have you got a draught made of those sham writings, and feigned letters, as I desir'd? Emilia is impatient to have them; and, in the light I now see her, I am on fire to deliver them: she has appointed me to meet at nine this evening.

Beauf. Is it possible! But, Charles, you do not mean to go through with this affair; you are more a man of honour, than to be the instrument of her undoing.

Col. *Severne*. Gad ! Beaufort, I am turn'd wild, a very savage !—Go through with it !—Yes, yes ; I'm too great an epicure in love, to refuse so luxurious an entertainment ! the fruit is so tempting, I would snatch, and taste, though death ensued.—

Beauf. Think better on't ! 'tis your passion speaks, not your reason. You'll ruin her for ever.

Col. *Severne*. Alas ! Beaufort, she is ruin'd already. Sir Harry Truelove has confess'd to me his whole affair with her ; there is more in't than we expected ; and, you may depend on't, he has had from her every thing in her power to grant.

Beauf. Unfortunate Emilia ! Well, Charles, though you cannot enjoy Emilia's fortune, 'twill be something to be in possession of her charms.

“ The world, perhaps, with reason, will approve

“ Your good and bad success at once in love :

“ Who would not count it fortunate in life,

“ To find a mistress, where he lost a wife ?” [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Wormwood and Toby.

Worm. **C**OME, Mr. Toby ; I am not often so profuse of my master's goods ; but, to oblige a friend, and embolden you in your addresses to your mistress, I have brought you a cup of such wine—such wine, Mr. Toby—

Toby. What do you call it ?

Worm. They call it Nonfuch, alias Tokay ; verily, the thought of it maketh me facetious—My service to you.

Toby. Fakins ! it's rare good ! I find myself lighter already.

Worm.

Worm. Say you so? My service to you again, then—This is the wine, Mr. Toby, that your Popes and Cardinals drink: it is a juice of incomparable efficacy, and it causeth grave men to utter pleasant sentences.

Toby. Special liquor, I assure you, Mr. Wormwood: Priest-port is a fool to it.

Worm. Come, t'other glass—'twill give you courage; 'twill make your words run as glib as oil, as glib as oil, Mr. Toby.

Toby. Nay, for that matter, if it were not for my being so bashful, I could be as witty as other people.

Worm. Fear not: this wine is a specific cure for bashfulness—Here's good success to you, Mr. Toby.

Toby. Zooks! I am clear another sort of a man already, as you say, and she shall find it; let her look to herself; let her look to herself, Mr. Wormwood.

Worm. Well said, Mr. Toby; don't be backward in your own just commendations; modesty brings no good to any body.

Toby. Let her look to herself, I say; I'm for her—

Worm. Speak your good qualities with confidence; let her know who you are, and what you are.—Now, Mr. Toby, now make up to her briskly; I'll stand by you, and put in my seasonable word; she sometimes minds what I say.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. Mr. Toby, I have been told that you are secretly, and in your heart, a wit; only your father forces you upon trade.

Toby. Ho! ho! since she has heard of me, I'll over shoes, over boots. [*Aside.*—I swear, Madam,

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I don't

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I don't

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I don't know whether I have wit or no : but my father suspects me sadly ; he's always bidding me avoid it, but I can't forbear, as he says.

Emilia. I have heard there are abundance of young gentlemen spoil'd by a cross education against their genius ; and, if I am not mistaken, the last Lord-mayor's show, under a hat and feather and a lac'd coat, I saw that gay face and spruce person.

Toby. O ! Madam, I have been a Soldier—I beg my own pardon—I have been an Officer in the Trained-bands this three or four years ; and if our next ships come home well, I don't question but I shall be Lieutenant Colonel of our regiment.

Emilia. Why then, I find, Mr. Toby, that you city-soldiers, though you serve by land, run no hazard but at sea.

Toby. Right, Madam Emilia ! Why, you are a wit, as well as I ; we should make a rare couple.

Emilia. Your servant, Mr. Toby ; you are too complaisant.

Worm. Madam, Mr. Toby can be diverting, when he pleases.

Toby. I protest, Madam, now I see you are so pretty-humour'd—though when I first came in I was afraid so much as to shew you my wit—but now I can shew my wit and valour too.

Emilia. Your valour, Mr. Toby ! what, against a woman, your valour ! you are not going to draw upon me ?

Toby. No, no, there's no danger in our valour, Madam ; we only exercise ; we never fight in earnest ; but, when I was taught in the Artillery-ground, I have wish'd any woman, that lov'd me, had seen me exercise ; for you must know, Madam, we are taught to turn about any manner of way, which soldiers call our *facings* ; but which, I think, would be a prettier word for making love, than making war :

as thus, *To the front—Present—To the right—* then I present again—to the right—to the right—to the right.—You see, Madam, you have me, and you have me not, every moment.—Now, while you are looking at me, you quite lose me again—*To the right about—*There's nothing in it, Madam, but keeping firm upon one heel : pr'ythee try it, Madam Emilia.

Emilia. O, Mr. Toby, how can you say you love me, and would make a soldier of me ? Sure, you would not have me kill'd ?

Toby. Why, Madam, an't I a soldier, and yet I'll neither kill, nor will be kill'd : but, upon second thoughts, Madam, you are always a soldier, for you are always a-killing—there I was with you, Madam.

Emilia. This creature has so much vivacity, that, if he had not been an idiot, he had been a coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Toby. Madam, you smile upon me ; but I'm afraid you laugh at me, more than you admire me.

Emilia. O, Mr. Toby ! a Lady must not say, she admires ; but I sincerely wonder at you.

Toby. O ! Madam, had you seen me, when I mounted the trenches in the Artillery-ground, how I laid about me ! and when I met a poor neighbour in arms, what raps I gave him ! I broke the head of one fellow, that owed us money, in the last battle ! you'd have wonder'd, indeed, then, Madam.

Worm. Trust me, the youth will prevail : the virtues of Tokay are great. [*Aside.*

Toby. There's one piece of soldiery, Madam, that I would act against you, if you would give me leave.

Emilia. Really, you are such a terrible man, I'm afraid to ask you what that is.

Toby. Why, Madam, I would present my arms, do you see, Madam, against those bright eyes, that
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have wounded me, do you see, Madam ; and then Madam, instead of firing upon you ;—do you mind me, Madam,—I'd bring my musket to club, as thus—and then, by surprize, run away with you, as thus—

[Catches her in his arms.]

Emilia. Hold ! hold ! Mr. Toby ; we have our artillery, and instruments of war, as well as you.

[She gives him a rap with her fan.]

Come, Sir, I'll shew the exercise of the fan, which is a woman's valour.

Toby. Will you so, Madam ? with all my heart. I believe, I might venture to fight with you, though I were naked—There I was with you again, Madam. Now for your valour——

Emilia. Thus, then, I handle my fan—now I unfurl it gradually ; you see, Sir, you have me and you have me not ; now you have lost me ; but here you have me again : now you see me by a side glance, and here I kill you at full glare.

Worm. He ! he ! in truth, I'm pleased with her folly.

[Aside.]

Emilia. Now, Mr. Toby, be upon your guard ; now I discharge my fan full at you.

[She cracks it in his face.]

There's a report for you, half as loud as a gun—courage, courage, Sir ! there is no danger—Do you mind me, Sir, I recover my fan—I ground my fan—

Worm. Madam, Mr. Toby can stand a Lady's fire. He ! he !

Emilia. There is one more action I would shew you, Mr. Toby.

Toby. I an't afraid to ask you what it is.

Emilia. Why, that is, Mr. Toby, the flutter of the fan. Now this, for example, is the indolent flutter—this the disdainful one—and this, Mr. Toby, is the furious—the furious—the furious flutter.

[She drives him about.]

O ! Sir,

O! Sir, I assure you, the fan is a formidable weapon; and I understand the menage of it, as well as any coquette in London.

Toby. Coquette! that's a pretty word; I never heard on't before: I wish, Madam, you'd be so kind as to tell me what it means.

Emilia. Why, Mr. Toby, there's a true and a false coquette: the true coquette is a creature whom nature, not art, has made innocently careless; she does not seem to know what she is doing, yet does nothing wrong, and is pleased to be admired, but at no pains for it:—her mimick, the false coquette, rather than not seem free, will be indecent; and perpetually mistakes nonsense and absurdity, for life and air.—But here comes Colonel Severne——Let me see, aye, right, it must be so—Hark ye, Mr. Toby, as soon as Colonel Severne appears, take me by the hand, and lead me out.

Enter Colonel Severne and Beaufort.

Col. Severne. I hope, Madam, we don't interrupt you: perhaps you have business, and would be private?

Emilia. No, Sir, not till nine o'clock. We were just a-going.

[Exeunt Emilia, Toby, and Wormwood.]

Col. Severne. 'Sdeath! that's the signal! Is not she a brave girl, Beaufort? Not till nine o'clock! did you mind that?

Beauf. I did; 'tis now almost that time.

Col. Severne. Would it were come! I'm impatient to be in her arms, and every other thought and thing is irksome to me.

Beauf. Compose yourself; you see the perplexity the day gives you; the house is full of people, and every apartment is open to every body; you must expect

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expect to meet with fifty interruptions and imper-
tinencies.

Col. *Severne*. Aye, and here comes one of them
—Pr'ythee get rid of the old fellow as fast as you
can; I must return here immediately, to meet *Emi-
lia*.
[*Exit Colonel Severne.*

Enter Sir Humphry.

Sir Hum. I hope, Mr. Beaufort, I have not dis-
oblig'd you, by refusing you my daughter: it is
not that I want a due respect for men of merit.

Beauf. I can't blame you, Sir Humphry, for
consulting your children's good according to your
own judgement; but I wonder you don't think of
settling them, and retiring from business and noise.
I wonder you are not weary of growing rich.

Sir Hum. Why truly, Mr. Beaufort, I should be
glad to live quiet and easy in my old days; but
then people would say, I was idle: it is not for the
sake of money altogether that I continue in busi-
ness, but to keep up a reputation: if it were not
for that, why should I fatigue myself? I want for
nothing.

Beauf. True, Sir Humphry; for you are too
wise a man to make the wants of others your own.

Sir Hum. It has always been a principle with me,
to mind myself and my own affairs.

Enter Toby.

So, Toby—what say you, Mr. Beaufort; is not
my son a youth of good expectation?

Beauf. A miracle, Sir Humphry! his face is a
comment upon your doctrine.

Sir Hum. The boy, indeed, forms his counte-
nance most exquisitely, and he does it without
study.

Beauf.

Beauf. He that can look thus extempore, may carry the world before him.

Sir Hum. Why, the lad promises well, I confess; and has but one fault, Mr. Beaufort.

Beauf. One fault ought to be forgot, among many virtues.

Sir Hum. It is only when he forgets himself; he is apt sometimes to brighten up into a ridiculous pertness, which, I greatly fear, will be misconstrued for wit.

Beauf. Your fears, Sir Humphry, are not unreasonable.

Sir Hum. In the main, like other persons of weight and gravity, he does not talk much; but then he has it in him.

Toby. Yes, that I can tell you; I have a world of thoughts, that I keep to myself.

Sir Hum. Keep them to thyself still, Toby; be not too profuse even of words; parsimony is a virtue in all things—This, Mr. Beaufort, is my way of thinking; not that I would be reckoned covetous; but, as I said, this is my way of thinking—Well, Toby, and how goes your courtship on? do you seem to have made any impression on the Lady?

Toby. O! father, things go swimmingly; I am a made man.

Sir Hum. Then, I find, you pushed it home!

Toby. No, I thought it more adviseable to let that alone till we are married.

Sir Hum. What's that? O my conscience, a double entendre! a double entendre, Mr. Beaufort! He has been aiming several times before; but this is a manifest quibble! 'tis down-right—

Beauf. Don't disturb yourself, Sir Humphry: wit in a citizen, like dulness in a witty man, may be forgiven sometimes.

Toby. Yes, yes, father, you may be easy; I believe I am almost at my wits end.

Sir

Sir Hum. What again ! why, firrah, firrah !—*Mr. Beaufort*, it is wonderful to consider the pravity which is in human nature ! Now this boy is witty against the force of education, against the force of custom ! I never set him an example in all my life.

Beauf. You are too severe, *Sir Humphry*. Wit, perhaps, when it is a contracted vice, and the effect of much labour and industry, deserves censure ; but in *Mr. Toby* 'tis mere original sin.

Sir Hum. Hark ye me, firrah ; let me hear but the tenth part of a jest from you after to-day —and I'll disinherit you.

Enter Lettice in hurry, and pulls Beaufort by the sleeve.

Lettice. For Heaven's sake, *Sir* ! carry off the old gentleman and his son to some other room. *Mr. Severne* sent me to you in haste ; he wants to speak a word to my mistress in private : and the house so swarms with people, they have no place but this, and their business requires the present minute—Lord, Lord ! I'm quite out of breath !—

Beauf. Very well [*Aside.*]—I find, *Sir Humphry*, it is taken ill that we separate ourselves from the company, who are amusing themselves with viewing my Lord's pictures in the gallery ; shall we join them ?

Sir Hum. With all my heart, good *Mr. Beaufort*, with all my heart ! *Sir*, I'll wait upon you.

Toby. Pshaw ! Pictures ! I had rather be up to the elbows in a good rump of beef. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Beaufort, Sir Humphry, and Toby.*]

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. *Lettice*, you are not to enquire into the reasons of my conduct, nor to ask me why I have appointed to meet *Col. Severne*, or, why I send you in my place : necessity forces me to go into this expedient,

pedient, that I may come at a secret, on a knowledge of which all my happiness depends.

Lettice. Madam, I am satisfied.

Emilia. And do you think you can personate me, so as to avoid the least suspicion?

Lettice. My life for yours, Madam, I'll manage it so, the Colonel shall not have the least doubt but that your Ladyship's own very self is there in person; he shall believe he talks to you, touches you, and has you in his arms—What did I say! Lord! I'm frightened! an unlucky thought comes cross me on a sudden.

Emilia. What's the matter! what are you afraid of!

Lettice. I hope your Ladyship will not be displeased: only Madam, if so be—

Emilia. Pr'ythee, don't trifle; speak plainly to me.

Lettice. You can't be but sensible, Madam, in cases of this nature—

Emilia. What does the creature mean? can't you speak?

Lettice. In short then, Madam, you know the Colonel is young and eager; he'll come full of expectation, and in all likelihood will be for seizing what he wants without ceremony: now, Madam, what I fear is, if in this case any misfortune should happen—

Emilia. What do you say?

Lettice. I say, Madam, if any misfortune should happen.

Emilia. Has no misfortune happened already? are you sure of that? ha! why do you blush?—O' my conscience! I'm afraid to trust this wench; I may be the instrument of her doing what I abhor to think of myself! I must keep my eye upon her! [*Aside.*—Well, Lettice, don't be concerned.

Lettice. Rather than disoblige your Ladyship, I would run any hazard.

Emilia. You are very complaisant. Mind methen; if the Colonel should be so extremely rude as you apprehend,

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apprehend, keep him at a distance with reserves and guards, so as—you know what I aim at.

Lettice. O Lord! Madam, all that is as natural to one —

Emilia. Gain as much time as you can this way; and, when you can decently carry it no farther, pretend to hear some noise or disturbance, and, in a dissembled fright, slip away from him by the back-stairs.

Lettice. I will do my best endeavour, Madam.

Emilia. [*looking on her watch.*] Bless me! the time is just come; I expect him every minute—do you think your cloaths may not be discerned by the moon-light?

Lettice. If you please, Madam, I'll slip on your white fatten night-gown, and your Mechlin night-cloaths.

Emilia. Aye, do so, and tie on the cherry-coloured cross-knot I wore yesterday: and, do you hear, Lettice, clap a large patch on the left side here, and another here; and, mind me, Lettice, put on a farfenet-hood, to shade your face.

Lettice. It shall be done, Madam.

Emilia. Go then, and get yourself ready immediately.

Lettice. In an instant, Madam.—Now Heaven send good luck! it would fret one to the heart to have it all come to nothing. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Lettice.*

Enter Colonel Severne.

Emilia. O Lord! are you come already? I swear you frightened me!

Col. Severne. Gad! how she charms me! the courage of men in danger is not so lovely, as these pretty female terrors—come, my soul, I shall soon ease you of your fears.

Emilia. I can't imagine what it is you design; pray, let me be off of this affair: you'll certainly bring mischief upon me.

Col.

Col. *Severne*. Mischief, my life! You'll look ten times handsomer in ten minutes: O! you cannot conceive what a glow of beauty you'll get.

Emilia. Fiddle-faddle! I know you'll be rude; you'll ruffle me, or tear my cloaths, or spoil my head-dress, or do me one hurt or other.

Col. *Severne*. Fear not; indeed, I'll be wondrous well-bred.

Emilia. Ho! ho! I think I am sleepy! Well, I'll go lie down on the bed a little while.

Col. *Severne*. And mayn't I follow?

Emilia. No, no, I charge you don't—Upon my life, I'll lock you out.

[*She runs out, followed hastily by Colonel Severne.*]

SCENE changes to Lettice's Apartment.

Re-enter *Emilia* and Colonel *Severne*.

Emilia. Go, you brute; you have made me tire myself—Well, positively, I will not go in with you.

Col. *Severne*. Nay, then I must force you.

[*He takes hold of her.*]

Emilia. Yes, yes, I will, I will, I will—but you shall promise me not to look in my face.

Col. *Severne*. Upon my honour.

Emilia. Then stay here a minute, and I'll give you notice, by a tap upon the door, when you may come in—but make no noise, I beg you: be very silent. [*Emilia withdraws into the inner room.*]

Col. *Severne*. You shall praise my discretion—Now let me consider! what is it I am going about? why, what most men go about sometimes, old and young, priests and laymen, saints and sinners! But, after all, I shall only have another's leavings—Mark Antony had no more—Ay, but if she should make a great deal to do, and bustle about it—let her—so—I am summoned.

[*Goes in.*
Enter

Enter Wormwood with a key.

Worm. If I mistake not, I over-heard somebody in Lettice's apartment : my mind strongly misgives me, that she is not faithful unto me ; I will advance softly, and look in—[*Looks in*] O ! the harlot ! the wicked harlot ! behold, she is in secret with a finner ! Ah ! miserable Wormwood ! how art thou abused. [*Weeps*] [*Coming out.*]

Col. Severne. Retire, my life ! we are interrupted—Who is there ? What, Wormwood ! what, in the devil's name, brought you here ?

Worm. Give not thyself up to cursing.

Col. Severne. Tell me, you old formal rogue, what business you have here ; or, by Heaven, I'll—

Worm. Rather, what business hast thou here ? What hast thou to do with the sweet-heart of my bosom ? Thou hast sown discord between me, and my beloved : yea, I suspect thou hast polluted her.

Col. Severne. What does the old fellow mean ? what would thy mysterious discourse aim at ?

Worm. I say, thou hast treacherously shared with me in things which ought not to be shared, and therein made the remembrance of past joys bitter unto me. I have beheld her iniquity ; I have seen her falshood. Faithless woman ! that ever I should put trust in a harlot !

Col. Severne. A harlot ! Why, hast thou known her ? Her ! the same, that was with me ?

Worm. Verily, I know so much of that very same I saw with thee, that my soul is grieved with seeing thee there.

Col. Severne. It cannot be ! tell me again : hast thou ? what is that thou knowest ?

Worm. Be not wroth, and I will inform thee—what I know is, that I caught thee where I had much rather have been myself ? [*Weeps*] O eyes ! would ye had not seen ! O ears ! would ye had
not

not heard! [*Weeps*] Alas! what is vanity? what is sin? it is even like unto a whip-syllabub, or as the froth of the sea.

Col. *Severne*. Damn your cant! No cant, villain! let me have plain English; tell me directly, tell me what you mean, or I'll cut your throat, you dog!

[*Draws his sword.*]

Worm. Oh lord! Sir, have patience; have mercy on me. and I will tell you----

Col. *Severne*. Tell me truth, or, by heaven, I'll cleave you!

Worm. Why, that same lady and I have really, through frail nature, taken an earnest of more honest joys to come; we have---pray forgive me.

[*Falls on his knees.*]

Col. *Severne*. 'Tis enough---Go your way; but not a word of this, as you value your life, not a word on't.

Worm. No, not a word, not a word, dear Sir. God be with you.

[*Exit Wormwood.*]

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, Sir.

Col. *Severne*. So, pretty Mistress Lettice; what have you to say to me?

Lettice. Sir, I am come from my mistress; she desires to speak with you, half an hour hence, without fail.

Col. *Severne*. What, here?

Lettice. No, Sir, in the inner room, where she will be ready to receive you; the door will be left open for you to go in.

Col. *Severne*. A trusty confident, on my word! Very well, child; you may inform your lady, I will certainly wait upon her-----But harkye, Lettice! come, my dear, I know you are acquainted with your lady's secrets; pray, did you never carry messages of this sort to Sir Harry Truelove?

Lettice. Lord, Sir, I wonder how you can put
E such

such questions to one ! If a body was to tell all those things, one should have one's neck twisted round one.

Col. *Severne*. O you dear little jade ! what trash do women intrust their affairs with ! for half a piece, this creature would betray all her mistress's intrigues to me---But I know enough already.

[*Aside.*

Lettice. O goodness heart ! Sir, Sir, now I protest, I had like to have forgot half my errand ! I was to have spoke to you, Sir, about——about some papers.

Col. *Severne*. I know what you mean : she shall have them immediately : be sure you tell your lady, I'll be very punctual. [Exit Col. *Severne*.

Lettice. Yes, Sir—Ay, and so will I be punctual too.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. Now, *Lettice*, what does the Colonel say ? will he come ?

Lettice. Madam, he says, he will wait upon you without fail : he seems overjoyed—

Emilia. Overjoyed ! Confusion ! how inordinate and libertine a creature is man ! Well, *Lettice*, you see, I stand in need of your assistance once more ; you must be ready to meet the Colonel again at the time appointed : but be very cautious —

Lettice. Do not distrust me, Madam ; I'll warrant you, I'll top my part.

Emilia. Dress yourself in the same manner as before, and follow the instructions I have given you very exactly ; I'll provide, you shall come to no harm.

Lettice. You may be easy, Madam ; I can take care of myself—I wish her Ladyship would mind her own concerns, and not be so very anxious about me !

[*Aside.*

Emilia.

Emilia. Be sure, I say, to be very careful.

Lettice. Lord, lord, Madam !

Emilia. Madam !

Lettice. Nay, nothing, Madam ; only your Ladyship is pleased to use me, as if I were a child ; or as if there were something very uncommon in these things.

Emilia. Why, is there not ?

Lettice. Not that I know of indeed, Madam : I hope, your Ladyship won't take it ill ; but I have lived in very good families, and been in many creditable services, before I had the honour to come to your Ladyship, so that one cannot well be supposed to be very ignorant of the world. I was some years with my Lady Mechlin, and before with my Lady Tarnish, and afterwards with the Countess of Evergreen, and several other persons of quality, and people of the first rank ; than whom nobody lived in more esteem ; and yet, to my knowledge, they had all their secrets.

Emilia. Is it so ? I ask your pardon.

Lettice. I can assure you, Madam, nothing in this world so common ; I never knew it otherwise. In short, Madam, I cannot conceive, if ladies had no affairs, what occasion they could have for us.

Emilia. Hold your tongue, you grow impertinent—Let me consider—no, none can censure me—it is a necessary, though little reparation, I am meditating for my injured honour ; all honest and impartial minds will acquit me in what I do.

“ Ev'n he, the cruel author of my flame,

“ So harmless a revenge shall blush to blame :

“ Let this slight punishment his crime o'ertake ;

“ And then I'll grieve to death for Severne's
fake.”

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Severne and Beaufort.

Col. *Severne*. **S**IR Harry Truelove your rival, said you? That's unlucky; my father pays him a great regard, and, no doubt, would gladly dispose of his daughter so much to her advantage.

Beauf. Then I am lost.

Col. *Severne*. I thought Sir Harry had never seen my sister.

Beauf. He says he has often seen her in the country, at a relation's house; 'tis there, perhaps, he may have fallen in love with her.

Col. *Severne*. But what reasons have you for these fears?

Beauf. He has himself inadvertently betrayed his designs to me. But you are in haste to go to your appointment.

Col. *Severne*. Yes, Emilia will expect me soon.

Beauf. Well, but one word then. Sir Harry's views must be unravelled, if one knew how to do it; could you advise me?

Col. *Severne*. Let me see; if in conversation with Sir Harry you affect to speak slightly of Charlotte, you may perhaps form some judgment from the temper he shews on that occasion.

Beauf. The thought is happy.

Col. *Severne*. And see! an opportunity offers; here he is. [Exit Severne.]

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir *Harry*. What, Beaufort, for ever thoughtful and pensive! still retired, though in public!

Beauf.

Beauf. Faith, Sir Harry, I was thinking of my Mistress, my dear Charlotte.

Sir Harry. Then you have been agreeably entertained ?

Beauf. Heaven knows ! it is for the last time.

Sir Harry. This is surprising ! You'll excuse my curiosity, if I wish to be acquainted with your reasons for it.

Beauf. Sir Harry, I dare intrust you with all my concerns : in a word then, I see no likelihood of success ; the bars that lie against me are insuperable ; and therefore I have determined, by force of reason, to set myself at liberty : for why should I pine after a good, that flies from me ? why pursue a happiness, that eludes my hopes ? I am confident you will not blame me.

Sir Harry. I blame you ! not I indeed ! I think 'tis a very manly resolution.

Beauf. That is my judgment of it : for the future, I purpose to live as you do, follow my pleasures, drink, wench, and range at freedom.

Sir Harry. You'll do mighty well. But I thought, Sir; you admired Charlotte to such a degree——

Beauf. No, faith, Sir Harry, I never considered her as an object greatly to be admired.

Sir Harry. Perhaps you never loved her ?

Beauf. Yes, I did ; but I cannot tell how to account for it.

Sir Harry. Account for it ! It is not unnatural, sure, to be in love with a lady of her beauty and accomplishments ?

Beauf. I don't know.

Sir Harry. A person of less discernment than you could, perhaps, explain such an effect from very reasonable causes.

Beauf. I cannot tell——

Sir Harry. Cannot tell ! why, is not she genteel ?

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Beauf. I think, I have seen much genteeler women.

Sir Harry. Some people affect a strange singularity in their opinions, as if nothing could be a mark of one's wit but differing from all the rest of the world.

Beauf. 'Sdeath ! 'tis as I suspect ; he's in love with her. [*Aside.*

Sir Harry. Surely, Mr. Beaufort, you do not think her wholly to be despised ? You know she sings, and plays finely on the harpsichord ; nay, I have heard you yourself say so.

Beauf. Music-masters, or songsters, may be pleased with such accomplishments ; but they are not for my taste.

Sir Harry. And she speaks French perfectly well.

Beauf. I should esteem her as much for speaking Welsh.

Sir Harry. And nobody dances better—but perhaps that may be no recommendation to you.

Beauf. Not the least : fiddling and dancing give me no more diversion than push-pin.

Sir Harry. I should be glad to know, Mr. Beaufort, what it is you esteem an ornament in a female character ; and what, in your judgment, makes a fine woman : she that has charms for you, must be more than mortal.

Beauf. No, Sir Harry, I'm not difficult to be pleased : though I am a critic in beauty, a very moderate share of it in a wife would content me.

Sir Harry. What, then, has Charlotte none at all ? not a moderate share ?

Beauf. I cannot compliment her so far, as to say I think her handsome.

Sir Harry. Not handsome ! A puppy ! not handsome ! An impertinent puppy ! [*Aside.*]—Pray, Sir, what fault do you find with her ?

Beauf.

Beauf. I find no fault : it may be my want of judgement.

Sir Harry. She has fine eyes, white teeth, a good complexion, regular features——

Beauf. Notwithstanding all this, I don't take her to be a beauty.

Sir Harry. No, to be sure ; she's neither accomplished, nor genteel, nor handsome, nor any thing else. Lord ! I wonder how you came to fancy her.

Beauf. The girl is agreeable enough. ——

Sir Harry. Agreeable ! O coxcomb, coxcomb ! I could tear him to pieces ! but I must keep my temper, for fear of discovering myself. [*Aside.*

Beauf. Sir Harry, one would think you was in love with this lady : if I were of a suspicious nature, I should believe you to be my rival.

Sir Harry. O ! Beaufort, Beaufort ! thou canst not have a rival in my affections ! [*Aside.*

Beauf. So violent an admiration would make one imagine you had a view to her yourself.

Sir Harry. Provoking, and injurious ! Do you then think me so base, as to profess friendship, only to betray you ? No, Sir, it was your seeming constancy to Charlotte made me your friend, and gave me zeal in your service ; I had no other motive.

Beauf. You seem disturbed, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Indeed I am : so cruel a behaviour !—

Beauf. Ha ! he weeps : generous youth ! Now by my soul ! I have wronged him——Sir Harry, I ask your pardon ; I have been playing the hypocrite with you all this while : I'll confess all—

Sir Harry. What will you confess ?

Beauf. That I have wronged you out of jealousy. I suspected you were secretly my rival ; and to discover if it were so, was the reason I treated my dear Charlotte so slightly.

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Sir Harry. Is this true, on your word?

Beauf. Yes, upon my honour.

Sir Harry. I fear you dissemble; you have some fetch or other in your thoughts.

Beauf. No, Sir Harry, I am sincere, indeed!

Sir Harry. And do you indeed think Charlotte handsome?

Beauf. Ay, above angels! By heaven! there's not a particle in all her perfect form which is not full of beauty.

Sir Harry. Nay, now you flatter her—but hold, we are interrupted; if you'll step into the salon, I'll follow immediately. [*Exit* Beaufort.

Enter Emilia.

Now, my dear, in what forwardness are you?

Emilia. Ripe, ripe for execution; the Colonel is just a-coming; he bites as eagerly as a fish at a fly.

Sir Harry. And I warrant you, we'll make sport with him, and here he is; I'll leave you.

[*Exit* Sir Harry.

Enter Colonel Severne.

Emilia. I hope, Sir, you'll now think me worthy of the confidence you have reposed in me: To trust you with my honour, is as large security as you could expect.

Col. Severne. Were I, Madam, at liberty for words, I could be an orator in your praises; but expectation is a balk on utterance; and when the heart is over-busy, it leaves the tongue no employment.

Emilia. I would not defer what you promise yourself so much satisfaction from; and therefore I'll retire: in a very little time you may come after me. [*Exit* Emilia.

Col. Severne. A very little time! How furiously she's bent upon it!

Enter Lord Severne.

Ld. *Severne*. I think, Charles, your affair with Emilia is now at a crisis; and it is time for me to come to some resolution.

Col. *Severne*. Your Lordship may be assured, she is ready to give me the utmost proofs of her good nature.

Ld. *Severne*. I hope, you will not take them, Charles. My view only is, that you should reduce her to a necessity to let the breaking-off of your marriage come from herself; for, should it come from me, it would not be difficult to guess at the true reasons of it; and I would not have her suspect, not yet at least, that I am apprised of her levity.

Col. *Severne*. Your Lordship, I hope, will permit me to be just to my appointments. Emilia has made me promise to meet her this minute privately in her maid's chamber.

Ld. *Severne*. Is it possible she should do this! yield as soon as asked! make her own assignations! Can she be so flagrant?

Col. *Severne*. If your Lordship pleases to follow me but for a moment, you may see Emilia, where she now is expecting me; there is a place on the back stairs, through which you may discern her.

Ld. *Severne*. I am unwilling to see her dishonour, and would feign, if I could, disbelieve it——Had her good father been alive, 'twould have broke his heart—Yes, Charles, I will go with thee, though with a troubled mind.—Poor undone Emilia!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Lettice's Apartment.*

Re-enter Lord Severne and Colonel Severne.

Col. *Severne*. My Lord, you saw her distinctly.
Ld.

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Ld. *Severne*. I did so——

Col. *Severne*. Your Lordship will please, after I am gone in, to retire into the gallery.

Ld. *Severne*. 'Tis very well,—[*Col. Severne enters the inner room*]. All I feared, and more than I believed, is manifest. Oh, Virgin Honour! oh, spotless Virtue! have you a real being, or do you subsist only in sound? But what have I to do here?

[*As Lord Severne goes out, he meets Emilia entering, followed by Sir Harry.*]

Ha! Who art thou? Emilia!

Emilia. My Lord——

Ld. *Severne*. Art thou really Emilia, or but her shadow?

Emilia. Your Lordship surprizes me.

Ld. *Severne*. Why, thou art there! within there! I saw thee there, this moment; I'll shew thee to thyself!

Emilia. My Lord, you only mistook my woman for me: it was Lettice, you saw there.

Sir *Harry*. Where is the Colonel, Madam?

Emilia. With Lettice in the inner room; I suppose he has some private business with her.

[*The Colonel comes hastily out; he stares at Emilia.*]

Col. *Severne*. I beseech you, Madam, if you are in earnest Emilia, as you seem to be, who was she within with me; that other Emilia? It was not nobody, I'll take my oath.

Emilia. Even my maid Lettice; the very same person you met in the very same place, about half an hour ago.

Sir *Harry*. What, Colonel, twice in one hour! It was unreasonable to take up your quarters with the maid, when you was so near the mistress.

Col. *Severne*. 'Sdeath! what a wretch am I! I shall be an occasion of mirth to the whole world, as if I were a fellow made only to give scope for jests.

Ld,

Ld. *Severne*. Have patience, Charles—Now, Emilia, inform me; since I find you know of the grounds of this mistake, how my son has been misled, and what his false expectations were built upon.

Sir *Harry*. One cannot but be curious to know the causes of so unfortunate a piece of gallantry.

Ld. *Severne*. Be not concerned, Emilia; whatever it be, I shall not be offended with thee. What, in tears! nay then I must know; I lay my commands upon you.

Emilia. I wish I could for ever conceal from your Lordship what but through chance you had not known.

Ld. *Severne*. Conceal what!

Emilia. That he, I esteemed of all the world, has given me cause to hate him—Indeed, my Lord, your son has greatly injured me; and this affair, you enquire into, was a contrivance of mine, to punish him for a fault I will not name, because I have forgiven.

Ld. *Severne*. Hast thou been wronged then? Tell me, perhaps he did attempt thy honour—Again, she is in tears! Ay, it is so.—Now, heavens be thanked, I have been deceived.

Col. *Severne*. I am all over astonishment! [*Aside*.

Ld. *Severne*. Be comforted, my fair-one; while I live, none shall injure thee. Emilia, I say,

Emilia. My Lord.

Ld. *Severne*. Since the discourse I had with you concerning the Colonel, I have been better informed; and the papers, you gave me, confirm me to have been deceived; they were plainly an artifice to amuse you.

Col. *Severne*. How! the papers! This puzzles me still more.

[*Aside*.

Emilia. I am glad, my Lord, the Colonel has no other guilt to answer for—his wrongs to me are forgot,

Ld.

Ld. Severne. They were not his wrongs, Emilia. Take my word for the present, and believe that what he did was not his own fault.

Emilia. I will, my Lord. How easily do we believe what we wish!

Ld. Severne. He shall not be ungrateful to you: I hope, all is well; my heart begins to be at rest again; and it will be the most pleasing act of my life to give you to each other.

Col. Severne. My Lord, you must excuse me. Indeed, I cannot consent to it.

Ld. Severne. How! not consent!

Col. Severne. Not till I have clearer proofs of that Lady's virtue.

Emilia. My virtue! This, my Lord, I am sure, is his own fault; now it's plain I am wronged.

Col. Severne. I fear, Madam, you are not!

Emilia. What do you mean, Sir?

Col. Severne. Sir Harry Truelove can best explain it to you.

Emilia. What can Sir Harry Truelove explain to me?

Col. Severne. The very same he has explained to me; the uncommon obligations he has to you!

Emilia. Obligations to me!

Col. Severne. Yes, yes, Madam; the kindest, the last of all favours your sex can bestow! 'tis in vain to dissemble longer; your gallantries are known; Sir Harry has confessed the whole intrigue; you see, he does not deny it.

Ld. Severne. Amazement! They are silent! guilt confessed! Why, Sir Harry! Emilia! Not a word! Undone, undone!

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. My good Lord, the post is arrived, and has brought you letters.

Ld. Severne. Ha! I must see what they bring.
—Emilia, stay you here till I return—

[*Exeunt Lord Severne and Wormwood.*

Sir

Sir Harry. What's to be done ? [To Emilia.

Emilia. Your indiscretion has ruined all—

[To Sir Harry.

[Severne fixes his eyes on Emilia.

Emilia. Lord, Sir ! you fix your eyes upon me, as if you observed something new and extraordinary ; I hope, you see nothing monstrous about me !

Col. Severne. I believe, Madam, I may look on without danger of putting you out of countenance.

Emilia. You are very free with me, Sir ; a different behaviour would become you much better.

Col. Severne. Madam, Madam, believe me, 'tis time to have done with this silly affectation ; 'tis impertinent now : after such a conduct, a conduct so egregious, resentment from you becomes ridiculous, and anger is a jest.

Emilia. 'Tis very well, Sir, 'tis very well ; I shall remember how you have been pleased to treat me.

Col. Severne. Remember how you have treated yourself, and the regard you have had to your honour ; remember your loose intrigues, and notorious gallantries ; remember Sir Harry Truelove.

Emilia. Yes, yes, Sir, I shall remember it all—Your cruel, unjust suspicions might have been removed, and your unprovoked indignities atoned for, had it not been for this, for this—Oh ! this outrage is insupportable.

Col. Severne. Your tricks are insupportable.—To have counters put upon one for gold, that is insupportable ; to be grafted upon an unsound stock, to be drawn in, cheated, imposed upon, to be made a tool, an instrument, a cover, a very, very husband ! this, this, Madam, this is what is most insupportable ! To be trifled with for years ! to be hopped about at pleasure, like a bird in a string,

string, and at last to be rewarded with the leavings of a coxcomb ! this, I say, is insupportable, damnable insupportable !

Emilia. So, Sir, have you done ? [*As out of breath.*

Col. Severne. And, after you had been amusing me so long in this exquisite manner, to come canting and dissembling, to pretend to be injured, to sob, and cry before my father, and then, with a whining speech, “ Indeed you had been wronged, “ and he, you esteemed of all the world, had given “ you cause to hate him ; and ’twas only a harmless contrivance to punish him for a fault you “ would not name, because you had forgiven.” If all this be not insupportable, in the Devil’s name, what is so ?

Emilia. I’ll tell you ; this brutality ! this gross want of manners ! these shameful, licentious abuses—

Col. Severne. Hark-ye, Madam, I have some esteem, or rather concern for you still, and I’ll shew it by giving you good advice ; there is but one way of repairing your reputation, that is, by marrying some commodious person ; such a one is Mr. Toby ; e’en take him at his word ; he’s a fool will tally exactly with your purposes.

Emilia. Sir, your advice is good, and I’ll follow it : a hundred fools may be better borne with, than one madman.

Col. Severne. I think I shall be mad indeed— Oh, here he comes.

Enter Sir Humphry, Toby, and Jenny.

Sir Hum. Madam, by your acceptance of my son’s addresses, you have highly honoured our family, and I shall be always ready to acknowledge it.

Emilia. I rather think, Sir Humphry, I shall do credit to my own by the choice I have made.

Toby. [*Aside.*] Oons ! I long to be at her.

Sir

Sir *Hum.* Madam, your most obedient. There is, I think, nothing wanting now but my Lord Severne's consent.

Emilia. And that gentleman's—

Col. *Severne.* My consent, Madam! upon my word, it is at your service; you shall have it with all my heart—Sir Humphry, Mr. Toby, I congratulate you, on my soul! I was never more delighted in my life: Sir, I'll sing, I'll dance at your wedding: and here's Beaufort shall do the same.

Enter Beaufort.

Toby. Really, Mr. Colonel, I am mightily obliged to you.

Col. *Severne.* Ay, that you are, more perhaps than you imagine; but hark-ye, my friend, a word with you—don't you know, there are such things as monsters in the world! [*Toby stares.*] horned monsters!

Toby. Why yes, I do know so; what then?

Col. *Severne.* Take care of your wife then, take care of your wife, or your head may come to ache most heavily.

Toby. Pish, I don't fear it.

Emilia. Mere spight, mere spight! the rage and malice of disappointed love! stung to the heart, to see another preferred to himself, he gives this unmannerly loose to his fury.

Sir *Hum.* Indeed, Madam, I'm afraid the Colonel is touched.

Emilia.] O stark-mad! fit for Bedlam.

[*Col. Severne looks about surprized, puts his hands in his pockets, and hums over songs.*]

Re-enter Lord Severne as reading letters, and Wormwood.

Ld. *Severne.* Strange! I could not have believed it! Poor Charlotte! would she were in England! would the dear girl were here!

Col. *Severne.* Do your letters, my Lord, bring any thing particular?

Ld.

80 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

Ld. *Severne*. Mr. Beaufort, I have unexpected news for you; your great and good friend, Sir John Talbot, is dead.

Beauf. Alas! that is melancholy indeed!

Ld. *Severne*. I think, Charles, you must set out in all speed for France, to conduct your sister home—would she were here!

Col. *Severne*. Your Lordship surprizes me; is there any thing in your advices relating to my sister?—

Ld. *Severne*. Yes; Sir John, as Mr. Thompson informs me, has bequeathed her a legacy of ten thousand pounds, that she need not be constrained (these are the expressions in the will) to marry against her inclinations. Poor child! she shall be left to her inclinations in every thing.

Beauf. Ha! this looks indeed, as if I were to be happy!

Ld. *Severne*. Come hither, Charles—Be a kind son, my boy, and study to bring comfort on my age; all my thoughts and all my joys are now in thee and Charlotte; in thee, I say, and thy sister! for that lady has dishonoured us.

Emilia. My Lord—

Ld. *Severne*. Here, Madam, I give up my trust of guardianship—these are the writings of your estate, and what else relates to you.

Emilia. For Heaven's sake, my Lord, hear me! have a minute's patience! I can clear myself—

Ld. *Severne*. I'll hear nothing—Take them, I say, and for the future care for yourself—Mean-spirited Emilia! And as for that dishonourable young man, for your paramour, Sir Harry Truelove—we may, Madam—

[*Going out.*]

Sir *Harry*. This must not be—O my father! turn! see your poor daughter at your feet! I am not Sir Harry Truelove.

Ld. *Severne*. Ha!

Sir

Sir *Harry*. I am not Sir Harry Truelove, but your child, your own beloved and favourite Charlotte.

Ld. *Severne*. What! my daughter!

Col. *Severne*. My sister!

Miss *Jenny*. Mercy! Charlotte!

Beauf. Amazement! what do I hear! what do I see!

Ld. *Severne*. My daughter!

Emilia. Yes, my Lord, it is your daughter, your only daughter, that kneels before you.

Ld. *Severne*. O! my child! my dear Charlotte! [*catches her in his arms*] Grief, and my severity, I think, have altered thee! O my dear child! let me embrace thee! Here, *Beaufort*, take my daughter, and be happy in her: at length, you have my consent. [*Beaufort and Charlotte embrace.*] And, Charles, do you reconcile yourself with *Emilia*; you must forgive your mutual wrongs: what mistakes have happened, are in truth chargeable on Charlotte; nor are you, Madam, wholly free from blame—but no matter, it shall be all forgot.

[*Colonel Severne advances to Emilia.*]

Col. *Severne*. Madam, you have seen in me the weakness and the unhappy passions of human nature—may I hope for your forgiveness?

Emilia. I fear, Sir, I shall stand in need to be forgiven myself.

Toby. So! I'm finely fobbed indeed! this is what comes of going a-wooing——very well——I shan't believe what women say in haste.

Ld. *Severne*. Sir *Humphry*, I shall study to make your son the best amends in my power for his disappointment.

Sir *Hum.* 'Tis very well, my Lord, 'tis very well: you have your reasons, no doubt; and I desire not to break into your Lordship's measures. I give your Lordship joy of your daughter, and the young Lady of herself.

F

Ld.

Ld. Severne. We thank you, good Sir Humphry.

Emilia. And what say you to it, Mr. Toby?

Toby. Nothing at all : I tell you plainly so : for example, what is't to me, whether she be a boy or a girl ? one way or t'other, I shall neither get nor lose by it.

Sir Hum. My good Lord, mark the solidity of that young man's reflections ; when he does reason, 'tis deep, and to the purpose.

Ld. Severne. I observed, Sir Humphry, what he said : almost all the great men of my acquaintance have fallen into the same way of thinking.

Worm. I take leave likewise to congratulate your good Lordship.

Col. Severne. Hold, Sirrah ! hold——There is one affair more, my Lord, which I must intreat you to interest yourself in.

Ld. Severne. What is it ?

Col. Severne. This solemn figure here, this sober fellow, has had the conscience to debauch poor Lettice. I hope your Lordship will be so just as to oblige him to marry her.

Ld. Severne. How, Wormwood ! is this true ?

Emilia. Bless us ! what, Lettice !

Beauf. Pious Wormwood !

Col. Severne. What a hanging look he has ! Away, for shame, with that dismal penitential phiz !

Sir Hum. In truth, Mr. Wormwood, your countenance is too sorrowful to suit with the agreeable circumstances the company are in at present.

Ld. Severne. This disorder in my family is what I should not have expected : but I'll see it remedied.—In the mean time, let us hasten to finish what is so happily begun ; it is fit we end with joy a day passed in so much care and perplexity.

Col. *Severne*. The sense of past distresses will give new vigour to our happiness.

“ Howe’er perplex’d and rude the chances prove,
 “ Which thwart our hopes in Fortune or in Love;
 “ Yet Truth through wrongs and dangers shall pre-
 “ vail,
 “ Nor can th’ unblemish’d life of Honour fail:
 “ The Brave and Virtuous, sure, though late, shall
 “ find
 “ Good days, and planets to their wishes kind.”

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. MOLLOY.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER, drest as a BEAU.

OUR Bard, to gain the Ladies smiles—you see,
 Equips me thus a Beau—à la Paris!
 For, certain Authors write, it is not rare
 To see Three Things the Favourites of the Fair;
 That is, to prattle, play with, stroak, or so:
 These are a Parrot, Monkey, and a Beau.
 'Tis therefore I am chang'd. (Nay, never doubt me)

With all th' accoutrements of Love about me,
 With powder, patch, and eke that dread machine,
 That's call'd a snuff-box, arm'd, I do begin:
 Snuff-box! which, manag'd by some gentle hand,
 Ye Gods! what mortal beauty can withstand!

But hold—My brother Beaux begin to sneer,
 To see a thing like me make love en Cavalier.
 But triumph not—If Orange Moll says true,
 I am as much a Man as some of you:
 For, sure, no gentle Fop, since Love began,
 E'er towz'd a Girl, like that rude creature Man.
 Husbands, be safe—Your Beau's a harmless thing;
 We flutter round your wives, but never sting.

But stay, Gad's curse—
 I was to speak about the Play and Plat:
 But which way—Stap my vitals, I forgot.
 But sink the Play—For how should friendship grow
 Betwixt a modern Poet and a Beau!
 Poets are slovens—Who e'er yet did see
 Wit in embroidery, or a smart toupée?
 What were the Muses, which these Creatures brag on?
 Nine strolling gypsies, that had scarce a rag on—
 Bold girls, half naked—Eh! so strange a sight,
 Gad's curse! would put a Beau into a fright.

Then, since these Wits abuse us in each Play,
 Because we're prettier fellows much than they;
 I say, since half their jokes at us are meant,
 Split me—Let's damn all Poets by consent.

F I N I S.

